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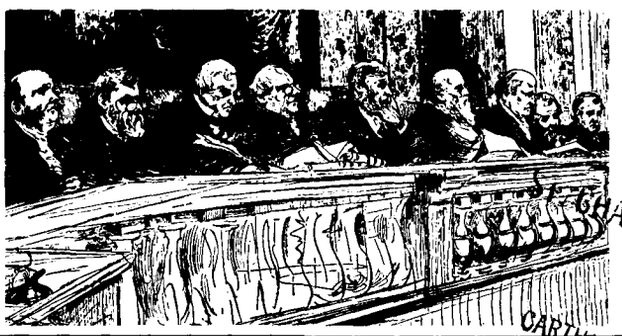

THE BURGER COURT
what chance liberalism?

Isidore Silver

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1940's DETECTIVE FILM
campy as hell, but thoughtful

Tom S. Reck

CZECH CHURCH IN LIMBO
new ground rules, new questions

Erazim V. Kohák

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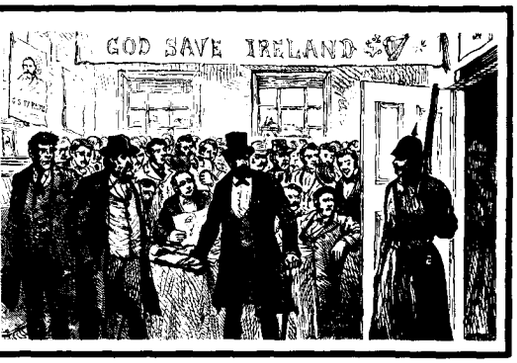
UP THE IRISH
Bernadette Devlin on tour

Philip Tracy



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NEWS & VIEWS

The Next Vietnam

Corporate investment being the ultimate determinant of that nebulous thing called "our national interest," figure Thailand right now as a solid link in the American chain of values.

U.S. investment in Thailand is 13 times greater today than in 1961, and growing. Pacific Research reports U.S. corporations entering Thailand at an "astonishing" rate.

Union Oil, Gulf, Continental Oil, Standard Oil of Indiana, Tenneco, Union Carbide, Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Calabrian, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical, Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, Chase Manhattan and several more banks—these are but some of the home-grown corporations already in or contemplating investment in Thailand.

It is easy to understand their interest. Thailand is a promised land for corporations: 100 percent foreign-owned enterprises are permitted; machinery can be imported duty-free; new firms enjoy a 5-year tax holiday.

Furthermore, there's minimum worry about competition from the "natives"; Thai law prohibits the government from establishing companies in competition with private firms. Finally, the work force is plentiful and cheap—partly because labor unions are banned in that land which I.F. Stone calls "an ancient Oriental despotism."

But there are some dark clouds on the horizon for foreign corporations. As Chase Manhattan's economic research division put it last April: "Thailand promises to be an excellent investment and sales area for Americans, if the rebel insurgency can be contained."

That's a big "if." Thailand is a political powder keg, and U.S. economic invasion of the country adds fuses for the inevitable explosion. Already the Patriot Front of Thailand is seizing on U.S. investment, charging that American capitalists "barbarously and ruthlessly plunder and exploit the Thai people and extract huge profits which are increasing year by year."

Corporate America says otherwise, of course. But it shouldn't look for Thai nationalists to believe. The evidence is all about the Thais that their land has become a dependency of the U.S. The economic intrusion into Thailand brings full circle a process which began with the stationing of U.S. troops in Thailand, the basing there of the B-52s used to bomb Vietnam, the assigning of GIs to train the Thai army, and the completion of what the Pentagon calls a "military contingency plan" for the defense of Thailand.

That contingency plan is under fire in Congress, and Senator Sherman Cooper has introduced an amendment which would limit the use of U.S. troops in Thailand, and Laos as well. Vice President Agnew says the Administration supports the amendment, but you have to be pretty naive to swallow that.

Secretary of State Rogers on Aug. 28 affirmed that the U.S. "will honor its commitment to Thailand as embodied in the SEATO treaty." (This is the treaty by which Lyndon Johnson locked the U.S. into Vietnam.) And on his recent trip to Asia, Mr. Nixon pledged that "the United States will stand proudly with Thailand against those who might threaten it *from abroad or within.*"

Then, just the other day, the U.S. extracted from Thailand a statement of hospitality blessing U.S. presence in that land. The last balms conscience. But it doesn't disguise the fact that Thailand has all the trappings of another Vietnam. The economic colonialization of the country strengthens the grip of the hook.

Banned in Prison

Federal prison authorities are not making Jim Forest's lot any easier than they have to. Forest, who is serving a two-year sentence in Wisconsin for firing draft records in

Jim Forest

Milwaukee, is being denied as reading material just about everything except the Baltimore Catechism.

Barred to him are political journals, the underground press and, lo and behold, the *National Catholic Reporter* and *Commonweal.*

"When you have regained your freedom and are no longer subject to the policies and regulations of the Department of Corrections, you will be able to more completely satisfy your literary desires . . . and maintain a closer connection with the culture of your choice," the administrator of the State Prison System, Department of Health and Social Service, told Forest.

Forest isn't accepting that. He has written to Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson, charging harassment and denial of guarantees of the Bill of Rights. Forest protested to Nelson because, he says, he thinks of him as "one of those in government who still has some hope for the humanization of our land via nonviolent methods, and thus one who still believes deeply in the Bill of Rights and the absolute necessity of treating men, even convicts, like human beings . . ."

Forest is waiting to hear back.

Straightening the Record

Television cooperated beautifully with the military in twisting the facts of the Company A mini-mutiny in Vietnam.

The major networks gave precious, prime-time exposure to Lieut. Eugene Shurtz's glossed explanation that the revolt was the work of but five men of the 109-man company.

The press set the record straight: the five were spokesmen for the entire Company, and were selected on the basis that they were "experienced men with the shortest time left in Vietnam."

Incidental Intelligence

—Congressman Albert W. Watson's (R-SC) gastric blast at Congressman Edward Koch (D-NY) for commenting on the death of Ho Chi Minh eructed during a debate on air pollution.

—Commodore Richard Howell of the Larchmont (NY) Yacht Club sat out picketers of the club's discriminatory membership policies on the clubhouse veranda, sipping gin and tonic, and reminiscing about the day in 1910 when the club first admitted women. "The club is changing gradually," Howell told the *Times'* Nancy Moran.

—While lawyers of the Justice Department met in Washington to protest the sell-out on school desegregation, the boss enjoyed White House leisure time, shooting golf and palling with the President in San Clemente. Attorney General Mitchell said he was getting 10 and 11 hours' sleep "for the first time in years."

—NBC preceded its Miss America Pageant with The All-Star Circus. It was the week's most delicious contretemps.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Official Version

Detroit

To the Editors: With amazement I read John Mahoney's "The Seminary That Won't Quit" [Aug. 8], amazement compounded by the realization that Mr. Mahoney is a Detroiter to whom were available far more reliable sources of information about the Archdiocesan Seminary High School than obviously he chose to use to write his story. The hard facts of the situation are:

With dwindling enrollment, the seminary faculty this past year explored all the possible options for the future of the school: 1. Moving the program to smaller quarters; 2. Changing to a so-called "Christian Leadership" school; 3. Phasing out the present program and strengthening recruitment for the college; 4. Continuing the present program and stepping up recruitment for the high school. Proponents of the so-called "Christian Leadership School" never clarified just what they had in mind that would be any different from the quality programs that are currently available in other first-rate Catholic high schools.

The parents of the seminarians took an active part in considering the options. They themselves urged the continuance of the present program and have already expended great time and effort in recruiting. Most of the faculty agreed and it was this urging to which Cardinal John Dearden replied in his decision to keep the Seminary high school open for the present.

Mr. Mahoney seems totally unaware of the role of the parents in this decision. And he presumes a definition of "Christian Leadership School" which he does not spell out in his article as it was not made clear in our discussions.

Incidentally, Mr. Mahoney is also wrong in stating that the Sacred Heart statue, blackened during the riot of

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THE CASE OF IRELAND

If Philip Tracy's report on Bernadette Devlin's American tour points up anything, it is the fragmented nature of Irish politics. But Irish politics has always been such, to the no small hurt of countless Irish causes. One result has been the implacement of historic handicaps on Ireland, a limitation on Irish claims to political responsibility, and the discouragement of crucial support in quarters where support might ordinarily be presumed. It was a pope, for instance—Hadrian IV—who first placed Ireland under England's rule, by authorizing Henry II to proceed to Ireland "to check the torrent of wickedness, to reform evil manners, to sow the seeds of virtue." And it was another pope—Innocent XI—who secured the English-Protestant ascendancy in Ireland by extending William of Orange the diplomatic backing that enabled William to win the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. Much of the Irish reputation for political incompetence is prejudicially come by; but, unfortunately for the Irish, they ever manage some indiscretion to help foster clichés about their political immaturity; they even followed their successful fight for freedom in 1920 with a civil war of their own.

"I said, it's a pity to be throwing the stuff at armored cars!"

The consequence is that Irish politics has never been taken with great seriousness other than by the Irish themselves. Hence the current troubles of the Irish elicit no wide response, no broad sympathy. The Irish are such easy political foils that their problems become items almost of burlesque. Cartoonists parody their crises (e.g., Waite in *The Sun*, London); analysts discount issues in terms of alleged national proclivities; and much of

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the world gapes in wonder that at this stage of history Catholics and Protestants could be knocking heads over religious differences.

Of course, religion is one facet of the Irish tensions, but not the entire problem by any means, not even with respect to the discriminations which a religious majority in a gerrymandered section of the country is able to impose on a religious minority in matters of housing, job preferences, voting entitlements, etc. The fact is that these rights could be enjoyed by all and a tranquility could reign—but that tranquility would be a surface thing. For Ireland would remain a divided land, and divided lands, whatever auras of peace they may emit, are unsettled places. Countries that have been a geographic and national unit may be conveniently divided, but no one should expect peace to be a concomitant indefinitely.

This is precisely the point that is missed about Ireland, and it is missed not only to a misunderstanding of current Irish troubles, but to the woe of the generations of the future which must come to grips with the divided lands being willed by statesmen of the times. Partition is never as temporary as originally intended; Ireland was divided in 1920 and the dismemberment takes on stronger qualities of permanency by the day. There is no reason to expect things to be different in Germany or Vietnam or Korea. Further, whatever short-term purposes partition might serve, in the longer view of history the device means headache, for partition not only fractures a national unity, but splinters the people and sows the ground with new seeds of suspicions, fears and cross-loyalties. The point has been dramatized time and again in Ireland over the past five decades.

Statesmen have already missed one lesson in modern Irish politics—Ireland's assertion for freedom between 1916 and 1919, a struggle which in many ways presaged freedom movements throughout large parts of the world in the late 1940s and 1950s. (Revolutionaries in Palestine and Algeria did not miss the lesson, however. As Irgunist commander Zafoni commented of the Zionist cause in the Middle East in 1947: "We rely on such simple historical precedents as the fight of . . . Ireland against the British.") But if vision was lacking then, there is less reason for it to be missing today in terms of what the partitioning of a country means. The case of Ireland stands before the world, and to recognize Ireland's core problem as that of partition is to be forewarned against the extension of the Irish expedient to other lands without working into the device solutions for the problems ahead.

Meanwhile, the grievances of the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland continue. Whitehall seems genuinely concerned about seeing to their correction, and Stormont's measured reaction to the Cameron Report indicates that it is in a mood to cooperate. But no one should delude himself that the defusing of tensions by the broadening of the civil rights of Catholics will be more than a palliative. For the border will remain, and as long as it does the peace will be thin.

THE FIFTH MARK

Gratuitousness has always been the fifth mark of the church. In the effort to sell salvation, Holy Mother tries harder than she really should.

The most obvious expressions of gratuitousness have to do with theology—the fantastic barnacles of tradition and casuistry that have attached themselves to the underside of orthodoxy. Marian dogmas, scholastic philosophy, priestly celibacy, the birth control ban and staying away from Protestant Communions are things Catholics could do without but are asked to buy with the whole package.

Since Vatican II changed the official style of the church from early curia to primitive earth-building, the more overt forms of gratuitousness have disappeared or are at least underplayed. This mark endures, however, in good-intentioned but ham-handed quests for relevance. The recent Pastoral on Tourism issued by the Sacred Congregation for the Clergy and an August 31 "Guideline" show on NBC featuring Penn State football coach Joe Paterno are given in evidence.

The pastoral in question is a brief document long on Romanità rhetoric and terribly obvious observations. In order to justify the church's intervention in tourism, the authors cite *Gaudium et Spes* four times and Pope Paul's opening speech to Session II once in just the first paragraph! "The Church," you see, "is thoughtful of the extent and complexity of the new way of employing the leisure time, which involves the shifting from the usual residence—whether it be one's own country or abroad—for no exclusive purpose of gain or work." If that's not clear enough, there's an explanatory footnote lest confusion reign on that in which the essence of tourism inheres: "The principal forms by which this phenomenon may be known are: summer holidays, weekend, thermal treatments, religious, social, cultural, technological, sporting, cruising tourism and tourism relating to congresses, etc." Practical advice on matters relating to the spiritual care of tourists is equally elementary and nothing that would not ordinarily come to the mind of any pastor in full possession of his faculties. What is especially gratuitous about this pastoral is its attempt to detour the casual activity of tourism into salvational traffic it should not have to bear.

"Guideline" is produced for NBC by the National Catholic Office for Radio and Television. Hierarchically controlled, the show tends to be stagey and safe from harm. The last in a series of "Guideline" programs "On the Catholic Church's Concern for Social Involvement" was deftly entitled "Joe Paterno of Penn State: Telling it like it is and how it ought to be."

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It would appear "Guideline" was for going for a long gratuitous gain by inserting a football coach into the game of "social involvement." The gamble didn't pay off though. For it turns out that Coach Paterno won't let his players participate in campus demonstrations, "where," in the Coach's words, "a bunch of people get together and demand certain things." Anti-ROTC picketing is specifically forbidden "because our people have made another commitment."

No wonder the Kingdom has not yet come—it is too embarrassed.

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The Death of Ho: Views from Saigon

Saigon

"There is really no reason to be sad. Why should I be sad? He was an old, old man." Thus a betel nut-chewing vendor, herself well on in years, concluded her praise of the man she called "Uncle Ho."

Following the death of Ho Chi Minh, I spent most of the day on the streets of Saigon recording the reactions of the Vietnamese. Word of the death had spread quickly through the press corps, so I found myself in the uncomfortable position of breaking the news to those with whom I spoke.

"Have you heard?" I asked a couple of women on one street corner, as they squatted behind their baskets of sugar cane. "Ho Chi Minh is dead. He died around 10 o'clock last night." Looking up, the two sisters showed no sign of surprise. One said, "Are you an American? You probably never spoke to Ho Chi Minh, did you?" "Never did," I answered. "Then you cannot understand. You foreigners cannot understand the Vietnamese," she said, shaking her head in a resignation which betrayed an ethnic pride. "He was an old and gentle person. All who know him agree. Even in his important position he stayed close to the people. I saw him several times when I still lived in the North. I never touched his arm but my brother spoke with him once. And he always liked his relatives."

"And who were his relatives," I inquired.

"He never married and so he lived for the country, Vietnam," she replied. "We were all his relatives."

Several gathered within hearing distance to listen more carefully.

Soon one of the sisters spoke out to the women around. "The American says that Ho Chi Minh is dead. He says he died last night." A woman, chicken in each hand, came closer. I asked her what she thought of the news. Chuckling, she asked in turn, "Are you a journalist? Do you want to know what I think? Well, I am from the Quang Ngai Province. The Americans know well what the people of Quang Ngai think. I don't dare speak my thoughts or the police would throw me in jail," she explained, her laughter catching as she spoke. Another woman repeated her emotion even more forcibly: "None of us has the right to say what we think. Only the Saigon politicians can speak. The people cannot."

Most Southern Vietnamese received the word of Ho Chi Minh's passing as they have learned to receive news of the chaotic events of the past several war torn years—passively, almost unmoved to Western eyes. Yet their conversations revealed an admiration reserved for the greatest of Vietnamese historical figures.

One spoke out, a private in the South Vietnamese Army. He said he believed Ho Chi Minh would go down in history as "the greatest of all the Vietnamese heroes. The Trung sisters, Le Loi and Trung Hung Dao had only to confront the Chinese. Ho Chi Minh's task was much more complex. He had to fight and balance many outside nations like the Chinese, Russians, French and now the Americans." He added, "it is only unfortunate he did not live to see his task accomplished."

A busdriver for American servicemen in downtown Saigon concurred, saying, "Ho Chi Minh will certainly be remembered as the greatest of all the Vietnamese heroes. He balanced the Soviet Union against the Chinese while trying to win Vietnam independence from the Americans." He predicted that "with his death Chinese influence in the North is certain to grow."

A cyclo driver felt it necessary to assure me that he—as a Catholic—was not in the ranks of the Communists before he broke into his praise of Ho Chi Minh. "He was the only true leader of our country in the last 20 or 30 years. He may or may not have been a real Communist, but every Vietnamese knows he was a real nationalist. He lived only for the Vietnamese nation." He added more personally, "I am a poor man and our country is a poor country. Uncle Ho was always very close to the poor people. Not like the people in the Saigon government, who hide behind the police guns and live in big houses. I am a Catholic. But if You, Mr. American, do not understand that we love Uncle Ho, you can never understand the Vietnamese people."

Critical comments were few. One Vietnamese working in a Saigon hotel said that "Ho Chi Minh was a good man but he was used by the Communists in his old age." The only openly hostile remark came from a captain in the national police force who said that "Vietnam is a better country with the death of Ho Chi Minh."

The Vietnam war has divided the Vietnamese into several camps, with a good many of the people not very anxious to become actively involved on any side. The death of Ho Chi Minh complicates the situation for some; it exacerbates already bloody wounds. But it may well be crucial in sorting out "Uncle Ho's People" from the others.

TOM FOX

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THE BILL: $200,000

FORMAN BEDEVILS THE EPISCOPALIANS

The twentieth century crashed through the roof of the Episcopal Church in South Bend recently, and the church responded with a resiliency—a quickness of thinking and reaction—that was extraordinary. It seems incredible that this was the church in which, only three years ago, the issue of a heresy trial, symbol of distant ages, had actually come up as a matter of decision. That will be remembered as the case of the tragic Bishop James Albert Pike.

Episcopalians are genteel people. As Bishop Stephen Bayne, of the church's Executive Council, said, "We are culturally deprived. We have few blacks and few poor." It is a church associated with the upper middle classes, with the educated, the urbane, and, yes, the stuffy, but also with the capacity for humor.

It was upon such a church, at its Special General Convention, that major issues of the times forced themselves. The initial impact occurred the first day of business, Aug. 31, when a group headed by a militant black Baptist preacher, Muhammad Kenyatta, invaded the meeting and literally took over the proceedings. Demands were made that the convention of the two houses—Bishops and Deputies—address itself at once to the issues of recognition for black people and allocation of at least $200,000 for black economic development, specifically to projects of the Black Economic Development Conference, sponsor of James Forman's black manifesto.

Horrors! Who were these ruffians who dared to disrupt the decorum of an Episcopal session? The black issue was on the agenda—not for four more days, to be sure, but what was the hurry? And what was this about $200,000? There was nothing on the agenda about that. After the flurry of the first few minutes, the Episcopalians regained their equilibrium. Their attention had been caught, and they listened. Afterwards the invading group was told politely that the question would come up in its duly ordered place on the agenda, and that seemed to be that. Later in the evening, however, the 60 work committees of the convention discussed the matter, and all but a handful agreed that what the protesting group had claimed as the most pressing issue was indeed just that. Next morning, the convention overturned its agenda to give first priority to race.

Then a proposal was introduced to provide $200,000 for black development. When the House of Deputies backed down from that, the delegates were subjected to a blistering tongue-lashing by three blacks. The House did not run. Again, it listened. It was shocked, but not at the impertinence of the language. It was shocked because it realized that the blacks made sense. The next morning the $200,000 was back in the resolution and finally won approval.

Officials asserted that debate over the black issue had produced an outpouring of feelings unique in Episcopal Church history for its frankness and intensity. A small but typical example of Episcopal humor occurred after the hours in which feelings had been exposed with at times agonizing candor. When the final vote had been cast and the House of Deputies was still reeling from the display of conflicting feelings, the House of Bishops sent over word of what it had been doing. With tongue in cheek the bishops let it be known that they had "approved the Bucharest statement of theology." In the emotionally charged atmosphere it provided a sudden and welcome vent for laughter. It was the kind of touch that is generally missing from great church convocations.

After the vote, one sore spot remained so far as the blacks were concerned. This was the failure of the convention to approve specific allocation of the $200,000 to the Black Economic Development Conference. Named, instead, was the National Committee of Black Churchmen, as the recipient, with the understanding, so it was generally assumed, that the funds would be channeled to the BEDC. Blacks were bitter about this, for they considered it evidence of lack of confidence in their wishes and desires, since from the first they had insisted that they wanted the BEDC to receive the funds.

Ironically the proposal to name BEDC as recipient would have received a comfortable majority in the House of Deputies had the balloting been done on an individual basis. But the House voted to take the ballot "by orders"—tabulating the clergy sent by each diocese separately from the laymen (every diocese is represented in the House of Deputies by four clerics and four laymen). To pass, the measure had to win a majority in each of the two categories. The clerics came out with a strong affirmative. It was the laymen's group that defeated the proposal, with most of the opposition coming from dioceses in the south. If only one additional affirmative vote had been cast in each of seven diocesan deputations, the measure would have carried. Had it passed in the house, it almost unquestionably would have been adopted by the bishops.

The extreme bitterness of the blacks because of failure of the move to designate BEDC was perhaps natural, since it came on top of all the rebuffs and inequities and injustices that have been heaped upon them for centuries. Nonetheless, viewed objectively, what

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the convention did marked a major gain in the church's comprehension of black problems and attitudes.

The convention huffed and puffed to keep up with the rapidly developing situation. It was a day late in arriving at several important decisions, but it did arrive. At the end, there was no question that the public exposure of feelings on race and other pressing matters had made the church acutely conscious as never before of the critical conflicts of the day and more determined to deal with them directly.

The black issue was not the only crucial matter. Among other things, two servicemen who were AWOL because of conscientious objection to serving in Vietnam appeared before the convention to plead for support—spiritual sanctuary.

This convention was unique in Episcopal history in the hearing it provided for a broad range of opinion. Each diocese had been invited to send three special representatives—a woman, a young person and a member of a minority race—in addition to its delegates. Never before had this been done. These persons had full right to speak at plenary sessions and to take part in straw votes. They had no legislative powers, but they had ample opportunity to air their views for the benefit of those who did.

Without question Bishop Bayne was right when he said before arriving at South Bend that many people who voted progressively on the black issue would have been outraged by the idea that the church could be pushed around by tough-talking, gate-crashing people. Clearly, however, the convention acted as it did not out of intimidation but at the prompting of conscience.

One final note: It was ironic that James Albert Pike should have disappeared under such sorrowful circumstances at the very moment of this convention, for it was Pike—stumbling, bumbling, warm and communicative—who more than any other one person brought the Episcopal Church into line with modern times.

WELDON WALLACE

(Weldon Wallace is on the staff of the Baltimore Sun.*)*

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SOAPBOX U.S.A.

BERNADETTE OF THE IRISH

As director of special events at J.F.K. Airport for the Port Authority of New York, General Hamilton is a man accustomed to hard work and confusion. Every major and most minor dignitaries who arrive in this country via Kennedy represent added difficulties for the General. Ambassadors, Queens, heads of state and rock and roll stars all demand special consideration, quick customs clearance, a private room in which to rendevous, the never-ending press conference, and a car to get them away. Sometimes the celebrities back up, as in one recent afternoon when the General was forced to juggle Mrs. Lindsay who was meeting a friend, a young superstar from England, and a younger M.P. from Northern Ireland. Pausing briefly from his duties, he dryly observed, "I don't know very much about the situation over there (Ireland) but they certainly seem to be sending an awful lot of people over here to talk about it."

The General had a point, even if he was influenced by the extra burden each new visitor brought. Within the span of a month America has played host to no less than three separate contingents representing three distinct solutions to what is once again being referred to as "the Irish Question." The first and by far the most publicized arrival was that of Miss Bernadette Devlin, 22 and the youngest Member of Parliament in Westminster. Arriving at Kennedy with practically no advance notice (the General and his staff were told she was coming by reporters sent out to cover the story), she declared to a packed press room that she was in America to tell the story of what was happening in Northern Ireland and raise a million dollars to help aid the homeless victims displaced by the recent trouble. Exactly one week later, the Ulster Unionists Party, which has a controlling majority in the Stormont Government in Belfast, sent three emissaries to counter the "lies and distortions being spread by Miss Devlin." Finally, Ian Paisley, leader of the right-wing "Ulster Volunteer Force" and close friend of the arch anti-Communist Carl McIntire announced he too would make a trip to America "to expose the sinister ties that bind the Communist Party and the Catholic Church together . . . in their effort to overthrow the Ulster Government." With such flamboyant visitors arriving one on top of another, it's easy to see that the General had some cause for complaint.

What is not so easy to understand is the effect all this publicity will have on the U.S., and more particularly on the crisis that plagues the people of Ireland.

For the Catholics in Ulster partition posed far greater problems than those faced by their brothers in the South. Denied all but the most menial jobs and the most decrepit housing, unrepresented and often terrorized, they became the "niggers" of Northern Ireland. Like any oppressed people they waited and they cursed and then they took to the streets and made them battlefields. The demonstrations started over a year ago but it was the memorial march of the Apprentice Boys of Derry on August 12, 1969, a march which was held "to show the Catholics who's the boss" which brought out the rifles

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and the petrol bombs. The aftermath of the violence was eight dead, ten thousand homeless, barricaded sections in most major cities and British troops in Ireland for the first time in fifty years.

While such a complex and seemingly insoluble dilemma abounds, it is difficult to determine precisely what the various delegations from Ulster hoped to accomplish in America. The U.S. has always had a curious ambivalence about "the Irish Question." A large and politically powerful Irish-American population has traditionally forced most politicians to pay lip service to the demands of local Irish patriots. Yet our economic and diplomatic ties with England have usually assured that our government's response to local pressure would never stray beyond the limits of formal protest. In fact, it rarely reached that stage.

That is why Miss Devlin's appearance created so much controversy. Coming straight from the barricades, yet holding a seat in Parliament, she was every reporter's dream story. The mass media, which constantly demands a new subject to talk about, lunged at her with undisguised passion, falling on her every word. Her declared goal of collecting one million dollars in the brief twelve days she was here was unrealistic, given the complete lack of notice and the longstanding fragmentation of the Irish community. Nonetheless, the publicity she generated and the potential she represented for uniting the Irish-American community was enough to make everyone with a stake in "the Irish Question" more than a little nervous. The vision of forty million Irish Catholic votes united in their demand for U.S. pressure to halt the killing in Derry and Belfast was no pretty picture to the White House or the State Department.

Yet the final result of all the publicity was more farce than ferment. Although a "Joan of Arc" to the media, Miss Devlin was seen as a rather mixed bag by most Irish Americans. Her instinctive frankness resulted in several speeches in which she chided her audiences for not supporting the blacks in this country, a move not designed to endear her to most of the admittedly conservative members of the Irish community. In Los Angeles, where an open-air rally in MacArthur Park drew the first conspicuously Irish audience ever seen in that homogenized metropolis, her day was coordinated by people loosely connected with the now defunct Peace and Freedom Party. As a result, she never really connected with the liberal establishment who could raise big money, or the hitherto submerged but obviously aroused Irish population. In Detroit, only a last minute effort prevented her appearance from being boycotted by sixty or so Irish societies who had been overlooked in the initial planning of her visit. Her Chicago tour (it has the largest Irish-American population of any city in the U.S.) never matched expectations since Miss Devlin refused to meet or cooperate with Mayor Daley.

Although her failure to accommodate the realities of American and Irish-American politics doomed any chance she might have had for raising the million dollars she sought, Miss Devlin was nonetheless given the attention worthy of an international figure. Her ability to articulate the needs and demands of her people guaranteed a far more favorable hearing than any of her opponents received.

Arriving while Miss Devlin was still in Chicago, Messers. Mills and Bailie never quite gained the celebrity status achieved by their young opponent. For one, they never matched Miss Devlin's spontaneous candor and natural talent for expressing her position dramatically. Their presentation was uniformly flat and tedious. They remained in New York slightly more than a week, distributing several pamphlets which they claimed documented their charges that Miss Devlin and her associates were members of the radical left, plotting to overthrow the Government of Ulster. To the more cynical eye the documents merely proved that Irish students, like students everywhere, talked a great deal about things of which they understood little. As a counter-propaganda corps, the gentlemen clearly missed their mark.

As for the Reverend Paisley, his trip was mostly confined to that part of bible-belt where anti-Catholicism is accepted as essential to salvation. The reaction of most public officials to his tour was similar to that of Mayors Tate of Philadelphia and Lindsay of New York, both of whom refused to meet with Paisley after having presented Miss Devlin keys to their respective cities.

Like technical experts visiting some underdeveloped country, the three Irish contingents came suddenly, caused some commotion, and left without fulfilling their stated aims. The Irish community is still fractured, awaiting a cohesive element to unite them. The publicity surrounding Miss Devlin still lingers on despite the efforts of the Ulster M.P.'s. The Reverend Paisley failed to unmask the great conspiracy between Rome and Moscow.

Yet there is still some cause for uneasiness. We are a country of great wealth and great compassion but Vietnam has shown how those virtues can be twisted into weapons of despair when channeled into places we were never meant to wander. No peace will come to any land that seeks to solve its problems over the airways of America, for the price of a transatlantic ticket is much cheaper than the cost of settling ancient and entangled arguments. There is a rather thin line between recognizing the limits of one's power and callously ignoring the suffering of others but the line does exist and it must be drawn quite clearly. If not, we shall be besieged by representatives from all the nations of the world. And as our recent history has so graphically demonstrated, we are hardly the final arbiters of moral virtue in a world so full of wrongs. PHILIP TRACY

(Philip Tracy, a young New York freelance writer, traveled with Miss Devlin's national tour.)

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THE BURGER COURT

The new Chief Justice may find little room for maneuver

ISIDORE SILVER

Richard Nixon's attack on the Supreme Court is a pincer movement consisting of a flanking action by Attorney-General Mitchell and a direct confrontation in the persons of Chief Justice Burger and Associate Justice-designate Haynsworth. Although Burger has been a vociferous—and often intemperate— critic of the Warren Court, Haynsworth has been quieter, both because of personal temperament and strategic position. Burger sat in Washington, D.C. while Haynsworth, in the judicial sticks, was confronted with few of the "law and order" problems that characterize our large urban centers. Consequently the evidence is fragmentary (two confessions he thought admissible in criminal trials were held not to be by the Supreme Court; on the other hand, he extended the scope of habeas corpus in one major decision). Yet, it is evident that his caution and general conservatism will inevitably favor a go-slow approach to the remaining problems of criminal justice. The question, as we shall see, is not whether Haynsworth is a conservative but what kind of conservative.

However, Mitchell's recent outrageous pronouncements about wiretapping, preventive detention, and the continued use of confessions violative of the *Miranda* decision are impressive evidence that the indirect attack on the Court is well under way. Fortunately, for the nation, the corollary confrontation may yet flounder on several rocks. When Warren Earl Burger opens the October term of the Court, he may find himself boxed in not only by previous liberal decisions (which can, of course, be undone over time) but by the acceptance of those decisions by his conservative brethren.

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Those who debate the effect of Burger's appointment overlook a significant element of judicial behavior; that element might be called the imperative of judicial integrity. Simply defined, this means that judges will generally endeavor to adhere to precedent, especially recently created precedent. Also, the Court (any court) as a collegial body acts to maintain its perception of integrity, in the face of felt external pressures. Ironically, the "felt necessity" to defend the Court and its decisions is likely to come from so-called judicial "conservatives," the very people Nixon is counting upon to reverse the Court's direction in the area of criminal justice.

Adherence to that imperative was most clearly demonstrated by the trend of High Court decisions *following* the announcement of Burger's appointment early last May. An analysis of the judicial consensus achieved by Earl Warren and accepted by Court "conservatives" (a misleading term of course, in a context where men of strong and agile minds, with lifetime tenure, are deciding complex cases) indicates that Burger will not readily be able to change the Court's direction. To understand why, we must reappraise the way in which we think of the Court.

Contemporary defenders and detractors of our peculiar institution agree on several basic premises—and the agreement induces glee on the one hand and foreboding on the other. They perceive the Warren Court as being "activist," a conscious participant in the political process. They believe that the personal predilections of the Justices influence the decision-making process. They argue that courts do indeed follow election returns and will shape their conduct to conform to those returns. They also accept the theory that the Chief Justice sets the tone of the Court, so that his *persona* is crucial

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(Nixon has already stated that the Burger appointment is the most important one the Administration will ever make). Thus, it is concluded, the Court must retreat in the face of the national conservative political tide.

The facile equation between Court personnel and Court decision, between the Court as "a political body" and the Court as "only a political body" overlooks the question of what kind of political institution is involved. How does the Court treat "politics" in terms of its own institutional values, its own perspectives, its own demands? The simplistic equation of action-reaction is an example of Galbraithian "conventional wisdom" applied to a unique body of men functioning under singular circumstances.

This conventional wisdom is a bastard form of the Legal Realism movement, so popular in American jurisprudential circles in the '20's and '30's. Why judges decided cases in particular ways, the manipulation of "precedents" to disguise personal (generally economic) biases, the influence of a jurist's personality upon a colleague, and the judicial drive to achieve (and then rationalize) a foreordained result became the staples of scholarly—and then popular—inquiry. Obviously, this was historically and philosophically necessary, for Americans had thought of "law" very naively as a set of logical, immutable (and somehow morally correct) principles formulated in the abstract by selfless judges without regard to social or political consequences. Of course, we recognized legislative venality, lobbying, and other forms of "politicking," but believed that the political process was confined to our elected lawmakers. We distinguished between judges who "found" the law and congressmen who "made" it. Well, we have been cured of the curse of "Natural Law" or Judicial Idealism—perhaps overcured.

The great irony of legal realist philosophy—and its many adaptations—is its inability to integrate the realm of values, the world of ideas, into its rubric. We do not deny that Ideas play a fundamental role in other aspects of human behavior. We recognize that people are quite willing to give their lives for ideologies. We admit that urban renewal and poverty programs will have to deal with the values of those who are affected by their (by now somewhat suspect) beneficence. In short, we accept at least some role for ideas and values in everyday life. Yet, when we analyze our legal institutions, we pride ourselves on being "realistic" and adhere to the notion that interest supersedes idea (or even ideology).

Strange that we should believe this of judges who live in a world of endless abstraction, of clashes of values. If Presidents adopt once alien ideas to achieve "greatness" or a place in history, are judges exempt from that temptation to immortality? Can we even understand the "Warren Revolution" unless we recognize this? After all, Earl Warren was little more than a vigorous law enforcer and mundane, though genial, politician when selected as Chief Justice. Under the influence of Justice Black's ideas (not personality) Warren adopted a legal philosophy.

Of course, courts do follow election returns, but not quite as quickly or unquestioningly as the statement implies. It would be more accurate to aver that courts *may* follow what they perceive to be the underlying concern of the electorate rather than the returns themselves. It is evident that courts follow other returns as well; judges want to achieve historical respect, the esteem of their brethren and the profession, and a reasonable measure of intellectual honesty as well. Judicial opinions strive to reconcile these and other factors (although their language is often rigid and arcane). The task of the critic is to take all factors into account and to determine their interrelationship at particular historical moments.

Thus, to argue that the Court will inevitably take a conservative turn—either because of Nixon's electoral victory or Burger's appointment—is to argue inadequately, especially in the light of recent history. The very conservatism of some sitting Justices militates against this. For *Miranda* and *Mapp,* the two most controversial decisions in the area of criminal justice, are now part of the judicial heritage which conservatives may treasure "on principle."

The Record

Putting aside for the moment the question of who is a conservative and who is a liberal (or, more significantly, on what issues do they manifest conservatism and liberalism), we can see that the so-called conservatives presently on the Court will be of little help to Burger. For instance, on June 23rd, the Court held that the double jeopardy clause of the Fifth Amendment was binding on state criminal trials; thus, Maryland could not re-try someone who had been previously acquitted of a particular crime. Justice Harlan, an acknowledged conservative, dissented. Yet that same day, in a North Carolina case, (which decided that imposition of a higher sentence upon someone who had appealed a conviction and won and then had been reconvicted did not place the defendant in double jeopardy) Harlan argued that the Maryland decision *required* a holding of double jeopardy here too. He noted that he still disapproved of the first decision, but felt bound by it. Significantly, he observed that he was abandoning his practice of continuing to dissent in all similar cases during the same term of the Court (he had dissented from *Miranda* in 1966 and subsequently concurred). Thus, five weeks after Burger's nomination, Justice Harlan announced that he would immediately adhere to the majority's liberal interpretation of the Constitution in criminal cases, even though he had been in initial disagreement.

Harlan's principled acceptance of once controversial decisions was apparent in other respects. On June 2nd

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he dissented from a weak Warren opinion in *Jenkins* v *Delaware* (a decision that *Miranda* did not apply to confessions used in retrials, if the first trial occurred before *Miranda*) in the following language: "As one who has never agreed with the Miranda case, but nonetheless felt bound by it, I now find myself in the position of having to dissent from a holding which actually serves to curtail the impact of that decision."

Harlan concurred in another June 23rd opinion of great import for criminal justice, despite his manifest reluctance to impose federal Constitutional standards on the States. Interestingly enough, the majority opinion was written by another putative conservative, Potter Stewart. The case, *Chimel* v *California,* involved the constitutionality of warrantless search of the apartment of an arrested suspect. The law of permissible search of a person and the surrounding area at the time of arrest—especially the nature and scope of the search—had been, as every Justice admitted, badly confused. Stewart held that an arrested person could only be searched for weapons, to prevent the concealment or destruction of evidence, and the area of such search could be extended to places where he "might reach in order to grab a weapon or evidentiary items. . . ." Thus, he wrote finis to the police practice of waiting to arrest someone at home so that a general search without a warrant could be effected. Stewart, a liberal in Fourth Amendment cases, quoted favorably from a previous decision: "We are not dealing with formalities. The presence of a search warrant serves a high function. Absent some grave emergency, the Fourth Amendment has interposed a magistrate between the citizen and the police. This was done not to shield criminals nor to make the home a safe haven for illegal activities. It was done so that an objective mind might weigh the need to invade that privacy in order to enforce the law." Did Nixon know about Stewart's propensity to write "handcuffing" opinions (there were numerous precedents) when he thought that Stewart might be his first choice to succeed Warren? Harlan concurred while recognizing that the decision would create "a highly expanded warrant system"; he could not "in good conscience vote to perpetuate bad Fourth Amendment law."

If Harlan manifested respect for decisions with which he disagreed, Potter Stewart did no less. Of course, a close analysis of Stewart's voting record shows that he has scarcely been a consistent conservative. His blistering dissent in Ralph Ginzberg's obscenity case a few years ago should have been called to Richard Nixon's attention while he considered Stewart's eligibility for the Chief Justiceship. Stewart has also upheld broad application of the Fourth Amendment in wiretapping and eavesdropping cases (as he did in the *Chimel* case cited above) and wrote the opinion in *Duncan* v *Lousiana,* a 1968 case holding that the Sixth Amendment's right to trial by jury applied to most state misdemeanor prosecutions. He did dissent in *Miranda* and does not believe that the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination applies in pre-court law enforcement situations. Yet, on May 19th, he concurred in the reversal of Timothy Leary's conviction. There, certain aspects of the Marijuana Tax Act were declared to be unconstitutional (partly because of the required self-incrimination of marijuana possessors). He observed, "Perhaps some day the Court will consider a fundamental re-examination of its decisions in this area. . . . Until that day comes, it seems to me that the authoritative weight of precedent permits no escape from the conclusion reached by the Court in this case." Incidentally, the author of the opinion in *Leary* was none other than Justice Harlan.

Some have interpreted the Warren Court's continuing "activism" in its last days as implied notice to Burger that there will be no retreat from its advanced positions in the area of criminal justice. Perhaps it will not advance much further—that only time will tell. Although we can only speculate about the effect of these decisions as "warning signals," the Court's conduct during those crucial weeks provides some confirmation. In *Chimel,* the search case, only Justices Black and White dissented. *Leary* was a unanimous decision (with three concurrences). Harlan did go out of his way to emphasize his acceptance of the double jeopardy ruling of the Court on the day it was made. Then, of course, we have the *Powell* case with its virtually unanimous rebuke to Burger (only Stewart dissented on the ground that the case was moot). True, too much can be made of these opinions; after all, they were obviously in the process of preparation prior to Burger's appointment. Yet, opinions can be revised, and sometimes are, up to the very eve of announcement. Clearly, the broad sweep of some of these decisions was not ameliorated by Burger's imminent accession to the throne of judicial power. They may well have been formulated with that in mind.

The Supreme Court is composed of strong-willed men. For the last fifteen years, the Court has rendered incalculably important opinions in virtually every area of American life. Often, as in the desegregation cases of 1954 and 1955 or in *Gideon* v *Wainwright*, the decisions have been unanimous; in other significant areas such as school prayer, reapportionment and free speech, only two or three Justices have dissented. The Warren Revolution consisted not in the decisions (often, except for those involving criminal justice, not very controversial ones) but in the Court's willingness to make the decisions when other political bodies defaulted. The work of previous Justices in the '30's and '40's had, in many cases, created quite respectable precedents for later "landmark" cases. What appears to bother most responsible critics about the Court is not the decisions themselves but the rationales (either murky or fiery) behind them.

The problem for those who fear that the Warren Era may have ended in more than name only is whether the Court will continue to take the "great cases," not whether

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it will decide them badly. Here, too, there is some encouragement. After the Burger nomination, the Court agreed to hear the thorny issue of whether State exemption of religious properties from taxation violates the First Amendment's prohibition against an "Establishment of Religion." Some fundamental questions about the constitutionality of capital punishment are also on the Court's docket. Since it only requires the concurrence of four Justices to accept a case brought to the Court, it may still be in for some wild and woolly days. Nixon is wrong in saying that Burger is his most important appointment; most likely, it will be the third and fourth appointments (if Nixon is to have them) that will be crucial. For the moment, it appears that the present Court will influence its two new justices (and American jurisprudence) far more than they will influence it.

COME OUT OF THE SHOWER, AND COME OUT CLEAN

TOM S. RECK

The current rash of bad detective films is serving the good function of defining for us exactly what was so remarkable about the pictures of the 1940's that they imitate. There has been a sizable number of these pretenders: *Harper, Warning Shot, Gunn, Madigan, Bullitt,* and three starring Frank Sinatra (who apparently is trying to pass himself off as a Bogart reincarnate)—*Tony Rome, Lady in Cement,* and *The Detective;* as well as a fraudulent variation, *Coogan's Bluff* with Clint Eastwood.

Much of the appeal of the 1940's Detective Film is, of course, nostalgic. Commercially significant as a group, none of them was a truly outstanding box-office success at initial release. Recognized for their competency by critics in 1940's, none of them was really taken seriously then as art. They came during a period particularly prone to judge the quality of a film by the high-mindedness of its message. Social and religious pap (*Going My Way, The Best Years of Our Lives*) were held the significant film achievements of their day. Nothing with crime, sexuality and violence at its center could be taken for anything except casual and rather sordid diversion.

Yet, some of Hollywood's most competent directors made the Detective Film, although they won their accolades with more pretentious material, men like John Huston, Robert Rossen, Otto Preminger, Howard Hawks, Henry Hathaway, Edward Dmytryck and Delmar Daves.

With considerable skill, these films oddly evoked the strange world of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. The plots were of unbelievable complexity. (Howard Hawks maintains he never did know who committed one of the murders in *The Big Sleep*). At the center was usually some sort of night club intrigue, since in 1945 this simply was our perception of sophistication and evil. Also among the traditions were: always some nasty business with knock-out drops, lots of drinking of straight whiskey, considerable riding around from place to place, usually a telephone call before any major change in action, and marvelous villains (like William Bendix, Howard da Silva, Sydney Greenstreet, George Macready, Joseph Calleria, Marvin Miller, Peter Lorre, Thomas Gomez, Morris Carnovsky and Walter Slezak) —for which "menacing," the term preferred by the producers themselves in publicity, is probably the best word. There were lots of people with accents, always a good roughing up or two, and a murder in the next room did not interrupt the flow of conversation.

Beneath all these gaudy and campy surface trappings, however, was a special and thoughtful vision of the world, which helped to turn at least several of these films into art, and which made them collectively what is likely the best film comment on this country to come from Hollywood.

Set almost exclusively in interiors, in offices, automobiles, night clubs, hotel rooms and strange baroque mansions, they aroused a claustrophobic sense of confinement and almost asphyxiation. The intricate plots, as we tried to follow from clue to clue, from murder to murder, contributed a sense of dizziness, or, symbolically, an inability to explain or even to follow a hopelessly complex universe.

The films contained (be it unwittingly) all the glamorous tawdriness to which our decadent capitalism has taken us. Played always against the backdrop of one of our major cities, they seemed to work best when, as in *The Big Sleep, The Blue Dahlia* and *Murder My Sweet,* Los Angeles was used—since the spirit of stuccoed L.A. lent itself rather perfectly as a symbol of a plastic and terrifying U.S.A.

There is in the vision of Hammett and Chandler a nihilistic understanding of a world that is bad and a bitter knowledge of how to deal with it. This was always espe-

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cially true when Bogart took the role of the idealistic but seasoned hero, precariously maintaining a delicate balance between moral and necessary action. Raymond Chandler himself, in defense against the frequent charge that his work was not serious literature, called his detectives "the last honest men left in our society," who assumed the only attitude a "self-respecting, decent man" can in today's "rapacious and brutal world." He was a detective because this would arrange the encounter with the forces of evil, while letting him also be masculine and non-intellectual. A returning war veteran would do also, since he could move from the arena of a moral war to the betrayal of a corrupt homeland.

That Schizoid World

The Detective Film perceived a schizoid world, in which everything was really something else, and everybody was hiding some secret gambit. The night club was only a front for a variety of nefarious activity; the ornate mansion shielded family decadence; the beautiful and hoarse heroine might be up to ugly tricks. In the competitiveness of appearance versus reality, everything was ambivalent. In *Fallen Sparrow,* even a millinery shop and its proprietress (Maureen O'Hara, of all people) was suspect.

These elements worked best in what are the three definitive Detective Films: John Huston's *The Maltese Falcon,* Edward Dmytryk's *Murder My Sweet* and How ard Hawks' *The Big Sleep. The Maltese Falcon* had not only these superb villains, Joel Cairo and Casper Gutman (Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet), but also the carefully complex morality of its hero Sam Spade, most evident in his weighty existential self-argument about turning in Miss O'Shaughnessey: "When your partner is killed you're supposed to do something about it . . . It's bad for detectives everywhere . . . etc."

In *Murder My Sweet* the detective himself is less vital, probably because we have Dick Powell rather than Bogart (they changed the title from Raymond Chandler's *Farewell, My Lovely* in fear that it might be mistaken for a Powell musical). Substituting is a gallery of Chandler psychopathic variations: a perverse gigolo who is being blackmailed, a psychotic imbecile in search of a lost nymphet, an evil psychiatrist, a gin-guzzling slut straight out of Hogarth, a charlatan, an effeminate rich old man, his nymphomaniac daughter, his alcoholic wife, plus a delightful cocaine dream inflicted on the hero by the experimenting psychiatrist.

The Big Sleep, the third and likely the best, contains the predominant elements of both *The Maltese Falcon* and *Murder, My Sweet,* the hard morality and the sideshow of freaks, plus the additional one of the godawfulness of humans and of their monument of their own godawfulness: Los Angeles. From General Sternwood, who resides in the hothouse behind his mansion because the temperature keeps him and his obscene orchids alive, to his nymphomaniac, drug-addicted daughter, who "tries to sit" in Bogart's lap when he is "standing up," to the pathetic death of Harry Jones, a nice little man played by Elisha Cook, Jr., who is forced to drink poison, *The Big Sleep* never slackens in pace, or strays in atmosphere, or loses its particular vision of the world.

In addition to the big three, there were scores of lesser films which attempted the same thing less ably. *Johnny O'Clock,* with Dick Powell as the honest partner in a corrupt nightclub outfit. *Dark Passage,* a badly underrated Bogart-Bacall film, with a perfectly sinister plastic surgeon. *Dead Reckoning,* also Bogart, also underrated, with Wallace Ford doing a memorable bit as a retired safe-cracker brought back into momentary action by Bogart's persuasiveness, and with a finale patterned after *The Maltese Falcon.* Bogart: "You're going to fry." Lizbeth Scott: "Can't we put this behind us."

The list continues: *Framed, This Gun For Hire, The Glass Key, Nocturn,* and those with the returning veteran pinch-hitting for the detective: *Fallen Sparrow* with John Garfield, *The Chase* with Robert Cummings, and *The Blue Dahlia* with Alan Ladd returning from his contribution to world peace to find his wife unfaithful and deeply entrenched in a web of L.A. corruption.

Cornered took Canadian flyer Dick Powell to South America to find the collaborator who murdered his French wife. *Gilda* is set in Buenos Aires and has Rita Hayworth at its center, but belongs largely to this genre also in its symbology and in its moralistic hero (Glenn Ford), who tries to restrict Rita to the right bedroom.

Lady in the Lake, from Chandler's novel, contained the Chandler line-up of bizarre suspects, but was handicapped by its photographic trickery, the camera assuming the position of Robert Montgomery's eyes throughout, so that you saw Montgomery only when he faced a mirror. The ads read, "You and Robert Montgomery in *Lady in the Lake*" and the audience received a kiss from Audrey Totter.

Two interesting variations, both with Clifton Webb, were *Laura* and *The Dark Corner.* In both, Webb, urbane, intelligent, refined, was pitted against the detective, hard-boiled and vulgar, but handsome and moral. Interestingly, the films allow almost the reverse reaction of what was probably intended, for sympathies lie largely with the witty villain Webb. Had the detective been Bogart rather than Dana Andrews or Mark Stevens, the films would have fitted better into the genre, since the detective would have been more at dead center.

Even for those reluctant to see them as art, the Detective Films of the 1940's provide a nice exercise in nostalgia. Among the favorite memories:

1) The psychotic, sweating, over-sized half-wit. In *Murder, My Sweet,* he was Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), whose sweetheart had disappeared while he was off doing a stretch. In *Dead Reckoning,* it was an im-

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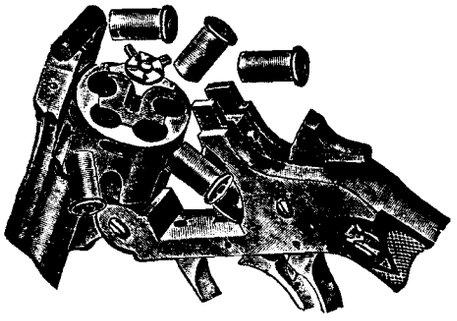
becile who liked to torture to soft music. It was William Bendix who had the definitive portrait of this type. In *The Glass Key,* wearing a spaghetti-strapped undershirt he joyously beats Alan Ladd to a pulp, and then later matches him scotch for rye in a drinking prelude after which he plans to kill him with his bare hands. Bendix did it again with Ladd in *The Blue Dahlia,* and then with Mark Stevens as "the man in the white suit" in *The Dark Corner.*

2) Nymphomaniacs (Martha Vickers in *The Big Sleep,* Nina Vale in *Cornered,* Ellen Drew in *Johnny O'Clock,* Anne Shirley in *Murder, My Sweet,* etc.), or at least nymphomaniacs as they could be depicted in 1945, meaning they giggled a lot and kissed the hero the moment they met him.

3) The arch-villain, the one behind the William-Bendix-henchmen. You knew only that he was evil; exactly what he did was vague, something connected with night clubs and gambling and politics and sometimes fascism.

4) The femme fatale, frequently virtuous beneath; and as acted by a succession of throaty actresses like Lauren Bacall and Lizbeth Scott and Veronica Lake, she was, if ridiculous, at least not antiseptic.

Somewhere between Philip Marlowe and James Bond we lost our respect for the man of no special talents doing his assigned job without complaint and without compromise, and learned to worship instead the *bon*



vivant, surrounded by gadgets and girls and pursuing justice only in the name of adventure. The attempt to use the formula of the first with the attitude of the second has produced mutations like *Tony Rome,* which illustrates best what is wrong with the current crop. After Nancy Sinatra is finished singing the title tune, *Tony Rome* attempts the traditional gallery of freaks (shopworn strippers, defrocked physicians, pushers, fencemen, nymphets, etc.), but they are presented too glibly, and they are in Miami Beach, which is too technicolor and too Jewish-bourgeois to really be decadent.

The sex no longer has that quality of aloof ambivalence in which the total picture has been fascinatingly submerged or repressed. It has, in short, been Hefnerized. Instead of Lauren Bacall's veiled innuendoes, we get polka-dotted bikinis. Stand the three females in *Tony Rome* (Sue Lyon, Jill St. John, and Gena Rowlands) up against Bacall and Veronica Lake, and the fraudulence is evident.

Most crucial, Frank Sinatra is simply an impostor. When in *Tony Rome* he refuses to take on three clients simultaneously because of a conflict of interests, and Miss Lyon asks, "Do you really care," and he replies. "This may come as a surprise to you, but I do"—we don't believe him. Much more comfortable to his personality are the constant phone calls he makes to his bookie from wherever he happens to be, usually the police station.

The bawdily suggestive dialogue, like that from the saloon scene in *The Big Sleep* in which Bogart and Bacall are not really talking about horses, is emulated but without understanding or wit. In *Tony Rome* when an eccentric old lady appears at Sinatra's office looking for her lost kitty who, she says, used to smile at her and Sinatra asks, "You got a pussy that smiles?" it means nothing but a tasteless and pointless intrusion conscious of its own boldness. And the smutty business with guns in *Tony Rome,* the "mine is bigger than yours" business, is lifted virtually verbatim from John Huston's 1942 Bogart film, *Across the Pacific.*

The transgressions are not confined to *Tony Rome. Harper* tries to duplicate the lineup of weirdos, with a junkie blues singer, a nymphet in a bikini, a floozy who smuggles wetbacks, a gigolo air pilot, a religious charlatan, and an eccentric family lawyer. As if to verify authenticity, Lauren Bacall was even pressed into service as a wealthy wife who may or may not be paralyzed and who hires Harper to find the husband she hates.

Warning Shot, like T.V.'s *Burke's Law,* apparently thought that "eccentrics" simply meant "names," and threw in Eleanor Parker, Steve Allen, Joan Collins, Walter Pidgeon, Lillian Gish, George Sanders, Ed Begley, and others for Detective David Janssen to encounter.

Part of the problem is that the symbols used to represent immorality in the 1940's (gambling, sex, liquor, night clubs, drugs) are no longer relevant. The films grasp for new representations, like bikinis, or LSD, which don't really disturb us at all. Or like homosexuality in Sinatra's *Lady in Cement,* which might have worked if it were not also Hefnerized, and if Sinatra were not made to utter contrived and vulgar remarks. About a fairy football player, he says, "He had the league record for the illegal use of hands." Bad enough, but then he adds, "In the huddle yet." One cannot help but recall Bogart's hilarious imitation of a gay book collector in *The Big Sleep.*

In *The Detective* the problem is again too much leering at fairies and also a script by Abby Mann, whose moralizing worked somewhat in *Judgment at Nuremberg* and *Ship of Fools,* but whose intruding and didactic comments on the complexity of urban life and the role of the cop in the ghetto are alien to the straightforward detective story. If Dashiell Hammett had a message, he

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had the finesse to keep it disguised, as John Huston perhaps was to learn when ten years after *The Maltese Falcon* he had made the crime drama *The Asphalt Jungle* and marred it with moralizings about vice and justice.

Donald Seigel's *Coogan's Bluff* is an interesting mutation. Although its hero is an Arizona cowboy-cop, he is meant to embody all those manly virtues of the Bogart-big-city-detective—except that in a misunderstood juxtaposition, he emerges as a spokesman for the right wing. Coogan comes to New York to arrest a dirty-no-good-hippy, and his integrity is assaulted on all sides. New York seems to represent at once all the forces of evil, from Jewish cab drivers who over-charge Coogan, to New York policemen who interfere with Coogan's moral purpose, to social workers who impede by wanting to understand criminals and misfits, to prostitutes who steal his wallet and then call him a "Texas faggot," and finally to the villains who are all psychedelic. They wear strange clothes and have long hair and smoke dope, and they also, as if by association, rob and murder and torture. All manner of bizarre barriers are put in the way of a cop just trying to do justice and preserve law and order, so that finally he is reduced to a layman and must say when he ultimately gets his man, "I'm making a citizen's arrest."

Strangest of all is the big psychedelic discotheque scene. Hollywood seems to think that if they put expensive paraphernalia clothes on said number, take clothes off and put body paint on another number, let all dance in exaggerated parody to deafening rock, with more energy than any tripper ever had, they have reproduced hippymania.

Bullitt perhaps succeeds best of all the imitations, and this is largely due to the photography. The script is rather moralistic for a Detective Film (pushy politician loses to honest detective), but Peter Yates' camera prunes out any excessive footage in much the same spirit that, say, Huston's script for *The Maltese Falcon* used to.

The original Detective Film has a marvelous un-self-consciousness that is absent in the remakes. It seems almost that they were only trying to get a movie made. They did not intend it to be art, although it sometimes came out that way. They did not intend it to be satirical, although it does that too. The current crop try too hard to be cute, to be dirty, to not take themselves seriously. If the originals parodied themselves, they seemed to do so while the filming occurred, not before. The decision to be amused by the project at hand and by the whole silly business of making a Hollywood movie was spontaneous and participating (a joke on Jack Warner so to speak)—not the contrived decision of an executive saying, "Let's make a parody," who (like Sinatra) is so self-absorbed that he cannot sense that what he is really saying is "Let's make some money."

It can worship but cannot act as a social force

CZECH CHURCH IN LIMBO

ERAZIM V. KOHAK

There is nothing about the expanses of plate glass or the courteous customs officials at Prague airport to remind the traveller that this city lies several Soviet divisions east of the fateful Yalta line. Still, the red Anglican prayerbook atop my suitcase looked different here than in Frankfurt or London. There it still seemed a solid badge of respectability or perhaps a confession of faith. Here it looked rather like incriminating evidence.

It must have been in my mind. I quite doubt the smiling young customs official even recognized the volume in the absence of the tell-tale colored markers, or that he would have cared if he had. The Czechoslovak government today largely respects its constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. The period of intense anti-religious persecutions in the fifties tapered off into mechanical discrimination in the sixties. With the coming of the reform government of Alexander Dubcek even this was largely terminated. Priests and laymen jailed during the Stalin period were released, permitted to return to their former occupations. In some cases, this was even true of teachers, a profession which had been strictly off limits to anyone suspected of religious sympathies. Even now, a year after the occupation, the Husák regime seems prepared to tolerate religious practice as long as it does not lay claim to social as opposed to strictly individual significance. There are ominous signs, however, in the return of Stalinist-era functionaries to their old positions, especially in the Office of Church Affairs.

In one sense, the Soviets have grown less stringent. They are not prepared to relinquish complete control over public utterance, but, in the neighboring countries at

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least, they seem less anxious to transform private conscience. With a few exceptions, the Czechoslovak Communist Party shows little eagerness to undertake the job on its own initiative.

Still, the twenty-one years since the Communist takeover, officially known as the "Victorious February," has radically transformed the position of the Churches in Czech society. It was not socialism which transformed it—the country was socialist for several years before "Victorious February" of 1948. Unlike in other east European countries, the Communist takeover in Czechoslovakia did not establish socialism in place of capitalism, but rather replaced a native, largely western model of democratic socialism with the dogmatic, eastern variety then current in Stalin's Russia.

Czech Tolerance

For the Czechs, the transformation was far more drastic than the transformation from capitalism to socialism. The Czechs have a tradition of religious tolerance which extended to political affairs as well, and were accustomed to considerable diversity. The eastern tradition was by contrast strictly orthodox, regarding variety of opinion as high treason. Though the orthodoxy which prevailed in Czechoslovakia after "Victorious February" was political rather than religious, it was no less orthodox and no less emphatic in its utter condemnation of deviation, including religious sympathies. For a dozen years, suspicion of religious sympathies was enough to bar children from schools and adults from all but the most menial employment. In a countless number of cases, it brought on long prison terms.

The reform government has recognized this as a deformation. But though it could return to the churches some of their freedom, it could not return to Christianity the status of social respectability. In Czechoslovakia today there may be no persecution in the wake of hearing a mass, having a child baptized or having a church wedding, but the habit is gone. No one attends mass or has a child baptized simply because it is done. For it isn't done willy-nilly. The church has become a company of believers.

Something else is gone—the viability of Christianity as social program and social action. In part this is because the State has assumed the care of the old, the poor, and the sick—though much hardcore nursing is still done by aging sisters of former religious orders. But in greater part the reason is that the eastern, orthodox model of socialism regards any social program other than its own as inherently counterrevolutionary. A Christian social program seemed a possibility during the heady spring of 1968, when the Czechoslovak Communist Party made a valiant attempt to revert to the native Czech model of democratic socialism. The Soviet invasion, however, served notice that though the Soviets might tolerate a more human application of the orthodox model than that of the Stalin era, they will not tolerate a democratic model.

The Husák regime today is steering a precarious course. Out of deference to Soviet intransigence, it has effectively reestablished the eastern model. But out of deference to the virtually unanimous opposition of its nation, which remains committed to the Czech model of democratic socialism, it has so far avoided a recourse to the fanatical spirit and police methods of the past. Though it has virtually unlimited power, it has used this only to restrain opposition, not so far to impose the true faith. For the church, the meaning is clear enough. It can worship, but it cannot act as a social force.

And so the church worships. At morning prayer at St. Kliment's the pews are filled, rather more than in most Anglican churches in midsummer America. St. Kliment's is an ancient gothic church, simple, severe. At various times it has been a Roman Catholic church, a Hussite church, a military warehouse, a Reformed church, and now it serves the Protestant denomination, Czech Brethren Evangelical Church. The peeling plaster testifies to the troubled fifties, though the scaffolding at the entrance suggests that this, too, is changing.

The congregation offers similar testimony. Many are older—men and women who had kept the faith through the hard years. They paid a high price, sacrificing not only their livelihood, but too often that of their children as well. There are also young people, a great many of them. A very different breed, they—smiling, confident, children of the post-Stalin era when the persecution moved by momentum rather than initiative, enough to provoke, not enough to stifle.

It is the middle generation, men now in their thirties and forties, which is absent. They were most exposed in the fifties—they were then building families, starting careers, finding a place in society, and so had most to lose. They were also least equipped to face the challenge, having neither their fathers' habits of religious allegiance nor their children's confidence in the future. For them the price was too high.

In the course of the summer, I took part in Roman Catholic, "Anglican" (here really "Czechoslovak" Hussite), and Protestant worships in several parts of the country. I discovered that the congregation at St. Kliment's was a fairly accurate sample. The Stalin years took out one generation: the church in Czechoslovakia —Roman, Czechoslovak, and Protestant alike, shows a radical discontinuity. Any statement about it has to speak about generations rather than denominations.

The older generation is the generation of Joseph Cardinal Beran and of J. L. Hromádka, the grand old man of the Protestant church. The two men took diametrically opposite positions on the same problem of coming to terms with "Victorious February." Beran was often pictured as an arch-conservative, perhaps not al-

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together fairly. He was definitely an unyielding man. He refused to ignore injustice, no matter what its ideological justification, and bid his church to speak out against the "socialist innovations" which even the conservative wing of the party now recognizes as brutal, unjustifiable "deformations" with catastrophic results for the nation.

Hromádka, on the other hand, was willing to ignore and justify virtually anything. He bid his church collaborate wholeheartedly in all that was being done by the new regime, found theological justifications for Stalinism, and acted as its spokesman abroad, loudly proclaiming its virtues. He had his reward—while Beran spent twenty years in prison, Hromádka travelled, lectured, and even received a Lenin Peace Prize.

Yet the treatment accorded by the regime to their respective churches was largely identical. The restrictions and persecutions imposed on Hromádka's Protestants were no different from those imposed on Catholics. If anything, they hit harder—the Protestants make up at the most seven percent of the population, and have no hierarchy to fall back on. The damning notation in the bureaucratic evaluation, "suspected religious sympathies," seldom took notice of denomination.

One of the hoary myths of Western liberalism, that "tense" relations between the churches and the state, were due to recalcitrance of church leaders, appears to Czechs, Christian and Communist alike, as entirely a myth. It might not, to be sure, be a myth in a socialist society structured on a western, democratic pattern. A party which, like Czechoslovak CP under Dubcek, sought to lead rather than dominate society, guide men's actions rather than transform their minds, might well get along rather better with a cooperative than a recalcitrant church. But from the perspective of the eastern, orthodox model, the sin of the churches is not what they do, but what they are, not that they oppose, but that they represent—an independent conscience and a divergent perspective—and so disrupt the unity of the new orthodoxy. A subservient Hromádka is no less guilty than a recalcitrant Beran, and Beran's death affects relations between state and churches no more than Hromádka's retirement. The churches in Czechoslovakia are more free than fifteen years ago, but it is because the eastern model has been modified in spite of the occupation. Husák may not be willing or perhaps may not be able to permit a democratic socialism, but he has tried to retain a humane one, insisting on uniformity of public utterance, but so far tolerating diversity of conscience, as long as it remains entirely private.

The question of defiance or subservience, which seemed so crucial to the generation of the '50s, is largely obsolete today. Ironically, however, so is the question which concerned the thinned-out middle generation, mostly clergy. Social participation, called "new orientation" in the churches and resembling the somewhat American "social gospel," presupposes a pluralistic, democratic model of socialism, in which other corporate entities beside the State and the Party might function. It was highly relevant during Czechoslovakia's spring experiment with domestic socialism. It retained some viability in the post-invasion era, when there still was some hope that the unanimity of Czech opposition might convince the Russians to settle for imposing limits on the Czech model rather than insist on reimposition of their own. It became obsolete, however, once Dubcek's fall signaled that the most the Czechs could hope for was some human leeway within a basically eastern model of socialism.

The New Generation

The new generation, the enthusiastic young people who crowd the balconies of the churches each Sunday, seem to recognize this almost intuitively. They are no longer interested in the questions which occupied the old and the middle generations. They reflect rather accurately the mood of the nation as a whole. They, too, are irrevocably, profoundly opposed to the reimposed eastern model, but they realize they are powerless to change it. They are determined to preserve their own mind, their identity, or, in the words of the song which won the Bratislava Lyra contest this year, their own human face, quite independently of any tactic to which the government might be forced.

For the young in the churches, their own face means their highly personal faith. In the Protestant churches, it tends to be biblical and evangelical. Thousands of young people packed the Church of our Saviour two weeks ago for a Billy Graham visit which never materialized. In the Hussite church, a young priest records religious songs in entirely modern idiom—and finds broad popular response far beyond the limits of the churches. In the Roman Catholic Church, there is a corresponding revival of interest in all the visibles of worship and piety. There is interest in liturgical innovation—mass in vernacular has always been dear to Czech Catholics, as has for instance, congregational singing. In southern Bohemia, I have seen young people painstakingly, lovingly restoring a shrine demolished and vandalized by the young communists of a generation ago.

These are the people who will make up the church and the nation in a few years. While their grandfathers fought over ideologies and their fathers over politics and social action, these people are concerned primarily with retaining a human face. For them, the church can no longer play the role of power structure, and may not play the role of socio-political vanguard. By and large, they do not regret it—they tend to think that each time the church tried either role, it lost its perennial relevance but failed to win a temporal one. For them the church has only its most fundamental role left, the task of caring for what a less modernistic age would have called men's

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souls, to sustain their personal identity, to comfort and guide God's people. The young people in Czechoslovakia today are quite convinced that this is really what the church is all about.

And even though I belong to a different generation, because I am a Czech, writing in Czechoslovakia, I am not at all sure that I disagree with them.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

THE SCREEN

And so it seems we are in for another cycle, this time about marriage, particularly marriages on the verge of dissolution. This is not a new theme for cinema; in fact, it goes back to the beginning of movies, through the De Mille and Von Stroheim periods, and into the talkies with such romantic affairs in which Alice Faye would divorce Don Ameche so she could marry Tyrone Power. But now they are turning up in a bunch; most of them from abroad; and not necessarily with finales in a divorce court.

In June we saw "Laughter in the Dark," in which married Nicol Williamson falls in love with scheming Anna Karina and comes to a bad end. Now another British film, "Three Into Two Won't Go," tells a somewhat similar plot but is much more believable—thanks to Edna O'Brien's well-written script (from Andrea Newman's novel) and some very good performances. Claire Bloom is not only more beautiful than ever but is excellent in the underplayed role of the childless wife who has just moved with her husband into a box-like sterile house in a development outside of London. Both she and her husband are no longer young, and both hope their failing marriage can be saved by the move. Rod Steiger plays the husband in his flamboyant style. He is a traveling sales manager and thinks nothing of a little philandering while on the road; but when he picks up a very young tart (Judy Geeson) who knows how to egg on a guy and display her nudity, and then he spends the night with her and hopes to continue the liaison in the Midlands hotel where she has conveniently found a job, you think "more fool, he" and wonder why Claire still hopes to preserve their marriage. The calculating tart, however, wends her way to the new house where Claire is busy painting walls, announces she is pregnant and insinuates herself into a situation that stuns the wife and angers the husband. One trouble with "Three Into Two" is that the young girl's motives are never clear. Except for the sex scenes, is her only purpose in the film as the catalyst, the final straw in a shaky marriage? In any case "Three Into Two" is an absorbing study of a marriage. It is further enhanced by Walter Lassally's color photography of the English Midlands as well as that colorless housing development which fits the story perfectly. Also fitting well is Peter Hall's direction of these middle-class characters; and outstanding among them is an elderly lady, the wife's mother whose own marriage was no bed of roses and some of whose observations on life are gems of wisdom. The role is given a stunning performance by Dame Peggy Ashcroft. Don't miss it.

Two foreign language films (with English subtitles) also tell of married folk, and both have a poetic quality rather surprising in this kind of movie. From Bulgaria comes "Detour," which was handsomely photographed in black and white and is the work of two directors, Grisha Ostrovski and Todor Stoyanov. The story is mainly concerned with two married people, both perhaps in their 40s, who haven't seen each other since they were lovers 17 years ago. Boyan now is an established engineer and the father of a daughter; Neda is an eminent archaeologist and has two sons. They meet quite by accident when Boyan, while driving to the Sofia airport, passes a digging where scientists are unearthing prehistoric ruins and is asked to give the lady a lift to the city. During the long drive, they renew their memories and know they are still in love. When they first met and fell in love years ago, they were dedicated members of the socialist society that insisted that love and romance were only a frivolity, an infatuation that could be satisfied by 10 days of living together. So after 10 rapturous days, Boyan and Neda sacrificed their personal happiness and true love for the "ideals" of a better society. Now, in the present they realize their mistake. The things they say, the things they see on the long drive or in a restaurant or in the city all recall the past. "Detour" is at its splendid best as it moves back and forth between present and past. Ivan Andonov and Nevena Kokanova are first-rate in the touching lead roles; and special applause should go to the make-up artist who so successfully changed their looks as time alternates between now and then. No doubt Blaga Dimitrova, the Bulgarian poet who based the screenplay on one of her own stories, deserves much of the credit for the poetic effects; and so do directors Stoyanov and Ostrovski, who handled the time transitions so well. Audiences will be quite moved when Boyan says toward the close of the film, "We have built a world that inflicts itself on us at every moment." But it is the wise archaeologist lady who knows that while the past can be resurrected, it cannot be re-lived.

Even more lyrical as it bounces along is the French "You Only Love Once," a charming movie with a quite simple story about a married couple who allow pride to keep them separated for some 10 years. The picture starts in Lyons, where the husband, a photographer, leaves his wife and new-born daughter to make a career in Paris. Years later, the wife, with her little girl, moves to Paris, becomes a salesgirl, then a model, then one of

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the top models much sought after by fashion designers, photographers and beaux. The husband and wife see each other on a cool friendly basis, but neither will admit being lonely and caring for the other. The daughter adores them both and would like nothing more than to have them get together. Both husband and wife are so successful in their careers (he has become a TV director and the samples of his shows are a delight) that neither seems to have time for the other. The daughter takes care of that however. What saves this movie from becoming soap opera is its irrepressible enjoyment of life, people, locale. Directed by choreographer-dancer Dirk Sanders, "You Only Love Once" fairly dances along as it tells its unpretentious fairy tale about love conquering all. And its attractive cast are a pleasure to watch: Karen Blanguernon as the model-wife, Frederic de Pasquale as the husband and father, and Leslie Bedos as the monster-darling child. Appropriate to the picture's swinging tone are a fine musical score and pretty pastel color photography. Paris never looked lovelier. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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MICHAEL CUDDIHY

BUD VASE

In your body's slender vase
The silence grows,
Rising like water
Until it fills you,
Your own scent now
Stemming from the rose.

NANCY PRICE

MIDSTREAM

When the pounding bound and rebound
of river-run from underground
cracks stone sills, is thrown back
by split, resounding, drenched black
boulders in gold rill, brown rill,
spills blundering down-gorge until
the ear can bear no more, roar
drowns itself, the core
of thunder becomes still.

Where a fern frond's arc
drips spray down, stipples dark
water skeins, one dragonfly
will pin back chaos. You can lie
midstream on a dry rock over sheer
downplunge of smoking cataracts, and hear
a water drop, flowing from sun to shade
down a single grass blade,
lengthen, globe, break clear.

Worship

THE TIME IS PAST when the idea of worship and liturgy met with ready acceptance. The causes for this are to be found in the present state of our culture and civilization as well as in the longstanding situation within the Church itself. In our rapidly changing world a period of five years represents to a large extent a new generation of minds.

Fashioned by the science and technology of today this generation no longer accepts the liturgical symbolism and forms of worship that could have meaning in the past. The existence itself of liturgy is precarious.

These are some of the key thoughts from "Worship '69", a three-day conference in Ottawa this June. The papers are appearing in the October issue of *Worship*. They include: "The Future of Worship" by Fr. Jean-Paul Audet, Professor of Biblical Theology at the Ecole biblique in Jerusalem; "The Context of Liturgy, Here and Now, There and Then" by Dr. Martin E. Marty, Professor of Modern Church History at the University of Chicago; "Worship at the End of the Age of Literacy" by Fr. Walter J. Ong, Professor of English at St. Louis University; "Liturgical Needs for Today and Tomorrow" by Fr. Aidan Kavanagh, Director of the Liturgy Program at the University of Notre Dame.

Subscription price, $5; two years, $9

Worship

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BOOKS

Student unrest: two more items for library shelves

Students Without Teachers
HAROLD TAYLOR
McGraw-Hill, $7.95

Confrontation: The Student Rebellion And The Universities
Edited by DANIEL BELL and IRVING KRISTOL
Basic Books, $5.95

PAUL OSTERMAN

Nervous college administrators facing the fall cannot blame their troubles on a paucity of advice. They can line their shelves and while away many hours reading some of the new books on student protest. Of course, should they pick up the wrong book and take it to heart their campus will blow and they will find themselves collecting their pension. Typical of the two extremes of writing on student unrest are Daniel Bell's and Irving Kristol's book *Confrontation* and Harold Taylor's *Students Without Teachers.*

Mr. Bell and Mr. Kristol are experienced ideologues of the status quo. Since declaring the "end of ideology" at a C.I.A.-sponsored conference (see Christopher Lasch's essay "The Cultural Cold War: A Short History of The Congress for Cultural Freedom," in Barton J. Bernstein ed. *Toward A New Past*, Random House, 1967)- both men have been industriously justifying American policy and explaining why attempts to change political and social structures are doomed. The university social science establishment has taken up this task of defending existing social arrangements and the contributors to *Confrontation* are the stars of that establishment. In addition to Messrs. Bell and Kristol the book includes essays by Nathan Glazer, Samuel Lubell, Seymour Martin Lipset, Talcott Parsons, and John Bunzel. Only two contributors do not represent the academic elite, one being the prototype of the "reformed Communist" so popular in end of ideology circles—a former student radical turned conservative—and the other is director of a private housing group in New York. Thus it is hardly surprising that *Confrontation* is a sustained attack on student activists and a defense of the university.

Two dominant themes emerge from *Confrontation.* The authors seek to place student rebellion out of the realm of "real" politics and into the netherland of irrational behavior. "The style of student protest which has emerged . . . is no longer a political style, properly speaking, but a 'happening' or a drama, conformable to the lineaments of an esthetic mode." Throughout are references to crowd psychology, to student emotions sweeping away rational thought, to mobs, to make-believe. Irving Kristol, for example, equates student protest with goldfish-swallowing.

In addition to discrediting the students, *Confrontation* absolves the university of responsibility for disorders and justifies the current state of affairs in higher education. To these ends the contributors erect the "surrogate" theory of student disorder. Students irrationally view the university as a microcosm of society and turn their fury on that innocent institution when they are really upset by the war, the draft, and other issues. The university, because it is near and vulnerable, is the target when in fact it is innocent of wrongdoing. This theme runs throughout almost all of the essays, and university policy is only criticized in terms of tactical detail—should the police have been called, should the dean have met with thus and so?

These attitudes are both expected and disheartening. It is not surprising that men who have devoted their lives to "proving" that corporate liberalism is the highest stage of human development would seek to discredit a widespread movement dedicated to values and beliefs antithetical to theirs. Nor is it surprising that established and secure university professors, who have found American higher education enormously rewarding, seek to exonerate the university from any blame for student unrest.

Yet it is discouraging that the views espoused by the authors in *Confrontation* are still given currency and respectability. If there is any lesson to be learned from the years since student unrest first reared its head, it's that college students are enormously serious and thoughtful, that they are dedicated to reforming society, and that they are equally dedicated to improving their education. The same students who sit in buildings and close down campuses have established tutorial projects in the ghetto, created experimental colleges, struggled in the civil rights movement, and sat on endless faculty committees. That trained social scientists regard these students as a mob says more about the state of social science than about the students.

Most discouraging about *Confrontation* is the evidence of good minds limited by their myths and preconceptions. Most encouraging about Harold Taylor's book, *Students Without Teachers*, is his ability to sense the source of student unrest and to offer concrete and serious ideas for educational reform.

The source of the malaise in higher education, Mr. Taylor argues, is the lockstep and dullness imposed by general education, a curriculum which, in several variations, is followed by most of the nation's colleges and universities. General education, a system of required courses designed to acquaint the student with the broad areas of human knowledge, was devised to help the universities cope efficiently and economically with the impact of burgeoning student enrollment. In addition, it is designed to train students to become academic professionals—it is a system imposed by the profession to perpetuate

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itself. The result, from the students' perspective, is a dull curriculum taught in traditional lecture style and enforced by the pressures of tests, grades, and requirements.

Influenced by the Progressive educators, Mr. Taylor finds in their thinking the basis of a sound curriculum. He argues that "the colleges and universities should be built around the students and their lives," and that the central test of an educational institution should be "what sort of individuals are created?" Instead of an imposed curriculum, each student's course of study should grow out of his own interests.

Mr. Taylor is by no means anti-intellectual; he doesn't deny that students should be familiar with the great ideas and cultural experiences of mankind. But he perceptively understands that no imposed curriculum can succeed in capturing a student's interest and imagination, and he realizes that there are many different doors into a culture. The choice of what door to open, what path to follow is rightfully the student's, and the college curriculum must be designed with this in mind.

Using the ideas of the progressive educators for his theoretical framework, Mr. Taylor finds his model in experimental colleges of the 1920's and 1930's—Bennington, Antioch, Goddard, Sarah Lawrence, Black Mountain. He persuasively argues that the experiences of these colleges have never been explored by the mainstream of higher education, and he offers examples of how the elective system can be updated and be made to work in today's universities.

In contrast to the contributors to *Confrontation* Mr. Taylor recognizes that it is a "mistake to deal with insurgency when it arises by tactics and counter-strategies rather than by educational principles," and he is uniquely qualified to devise strategies for change. He is both knowledgeable about the history and current structure of higher education and with today's students and their efforts at reforming the universities. His book is guided by a coherent philosophy and includes practical suggestions to implement that philosophy. Most important, he has a deep faith in youth and is willing to trust them. *Students Without Teachers* should serve as a handbook for all concerned with improving our universities and with nurturing sensitive, caring, and creative students.

Against All Reason

GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE

Stein and Day, $10.

KILIAN McDONNELL

When Moorhouse's book arrived in the mail I showed it to some of my confreres in the monastery. A brief examination revealed that it was on religious life, Roman Catholic and Protestant, with most of the attention going to the monastic orders, written by a journalist on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian.* In pre-Vatican Catholicism monks found such books amusing as they were frequently hopelessly romantic, and even though we had cowls, scapulars, and lived in cells and had no wives, we knew that in spite of the mad logic of our lives romantic they were not. But a book on monasticism by a married layman in 1969 was even more amusing. Monasticism has fallen on evil days and its ranks have been depleted. The public image of monasticism has to do with structuralism, raging objectivism, and establishment. The roots of monasticism seem so deeply embedded in the stale history of a sacral culture that it has little chance of survival in a church which has discovered the redemptive dimensions of the secular. My confreres in the monastic recreation room thought that surely Moorhouse was interested in monasticism because it was so far out, so outrageously unlikely, that it had become camp.

If camp means a kind of cheeky protest against socially acceptable presuppositions, then monasticism is camp. And Moorhouse's *Against All Reason* sees the kind of tolerant contempt in monasticism for goals and values which many hold to be of the essence of fulfillment, as both its greatest strength and the source of its occupational hazards.

If after Vatican II there are no longer any special preserves of sanctity proper to religious and monks, the monastic state is still a special kind of sign of the presence of the kingdom. Moorhouse rightly sees that one of the components of that sign is the centrality of prayer. "Prayer may not be the monk's prerogative, but it is his profession." If the monastic state is against all reason, it is prayer alone which gives monasticism its unassailable authenticity. The monks may perform other services in the church and society but these alone do not justify to outsiders, much less to the monks themselves, the improbability of their way of life. Monasticism is so much a sign of the kingdom through the centrality of prayer that those who think that there are important things to do, and that prayer is not one of them, can only properly reject monasticism. And the monk who no longer believes in the centrality of prayer will rightly see that the mad logic of the life is mad indeed, and he has no choice but to leave.

Prayer is the vocation of religious and monastics only in the sense that they give visibility to what is common to every sign of the kingdom. There is no romanticism in Moorhouse's judgment upon monasticism. The centrality of prayer is both a theological and a socio-cultural necessity. The social pressures and the patterns of social acceptance are such today that they make it more difficult for a monk to remain in his monastery than for a married person to remain faithful to his or her commitment. It is clear to Moorhouse that without prayer the religious will not be able to withstand these social forces.

In a final chapter the author shows that monasticism has had difficulty in adapting itself to the new climate. An institution which has so much of flight from the world written into its literature has special problems relating to the whole process of secularization, a quite legitimate theological process. He realizes that the structure of prayer and its theological framework has to be reexamined. If God is not the great Outsider, the Heavenly Vis-a-Vis, but the great Insider, who takes part in human history from within, then we have to rethink our categories of sacred and

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secular history and of prayer. How does one pray within a history which is neither sacred nor secular? How does one know when one has passed from the process of secularization, which is good, to secularism, which is bad? For monasticism there are not academic problems, but questions as to the viability of a way of life.

Moorhouse is deadly serious about monasticism and did not write an amusing book. His acquaintance with religious life is wide and deep. However, the description of the actualities of monastic life tend to be British and continental. For the American religious it reads much like a diary of his monastic youth. If this is an accurate picture of European monasticism then we have either progressed or regressed faster. In the appendices Moorhouse placed three monastic documents, making for a big book and a steep price for what is essentially a competent casual book.

The War Business

GEORGE THAYER

Simon & Schuster, $6.95

THOMAS M. CONRAD

A first thought upon reading this book is that it is a shame that the literature of international politics is so largely given over to academic theorizing, with detailed knowledge frequently stigmatized as "journalism." Thayer's book serves a very simple function: it tells the reader about the current state of the international conventional arms traffic, with some historical background where that is useful, without excessive hand-wringing which would interfere with the factual analysis.

In a more modest way, Thayer is doing for conventional arms what Herman Kahn did for nuclear weapons a decade ago: he is presenting a dilemma which has in the past been unthinkable in a way which does not encourage its continued unthinkability. Ours is the nation, after all, which between the World Wars harnessed populism, anti-semitism, and xenophobia to the hounding of munitions makers as the cause of wars. We still have a tendency to neglect the role of the arms *customer* in precipitating war, as the current public debate on the military-industrial complex shows. Vietnam, like our other wars and battles in the past, was the doing of civilians; but to shelter those civilian leaders from responsibility, the professional military and the arms manufacturers are held accountable for more than their share of blame.

Armaments as products have peculiar properties which set them apart from most other machines routinely produced by Man. It is often argued that one peculiarity of arms is that they are intrinsically unproductive: but a great deal of the total production of modern economies goes into products which are of little or no utility in the further production of goods and services; and armaments do, after all, quite often protect groups and nations from the forcible diversion of their wealth.

A better idea is that arms are commodities which produce a threat, and thus a tendency toward self-generating demand. Classically, the demand for a given product tends to decrease as the supply increases; demand is satiated. It is true that in "advanced" societies such as ours. the purchase of (say) a new automobile by a neighbor can be manipulated into being a threat to perceived status—and even, if adequate attempts to redress the balance are not made, eventually a threat to actual career advancement—but this factor, while important, is obviously of a different magnitude from that involved in weapons.

A further peculiarity of *conventional* weapons, up to absolute force levels which are very large and seldom reached, is that the threat they generate tends to depend upon the *relative* quantities of arms held by the potential antagonists much more than upon the *absolute* stockpile quantities. This approximate qualitative "law of conventional armaments" has enormous implications. The relatively reasonable attempt by potential antagonists to ensure that their opponents do not gain an incremental excess of armament stockpiles which might prove decisive leads to a totally unreasonable accumulation in the absolute stockpiles from past increments. These increases in accumulated stockpiles of arms tend to increase the potential mutual damage of wars without in any significant degree making the resort to war less likely.

Unlike highly technical modern arms, basic conventional arms are among the most long-lived machines produced by industrial societies. Small arms and ammunition made during World War I are still being sold and used; each year several hobbyists are hurt by the unexpected firing of antique guns which have remained loaded and functional in someone's barn or attic for a century or more. While it is true that a great deal of development has taken place in conventional arms over the past half-century, it is also true that this development does not necessarily obsolete older weapon stockpiles.

With certain kinds of conventional arms, such as small arms and bombs, the world stockpile of perfectly functional, even if old, units is so astronomically large that any hope of control on the basis of numbers and detailed accounting is nugatory. We note that the superpowers alone have stockpiled about 75,000 *nuclear* weapons at present, and that this number effectively precludes control of *nuclear* stockpiles by direct means; but the world stockpile of, say, high-powered rifles may be on the order of tens of millions, and of the ammunition for them, tens of billions of rounds.

Another difficulty with the control of conventional arms is that we have been misled by the developments of the past 30 years into thinking that only highly technical weapons, continually subject to obsolescence, can be decisive. Again, however, it is very frequently *relative* arms advantages—which may be of small absolute magnitude—which are decisive. The difference in cost in arming a man with a knife on the one hand or a gun on the other may be a few dollars: the expected advantage of the antagonist with the gun over the one with the knife is out of all proportion to the difference in cost.

At a generous overestimate, it would cost perhaps $100,000 to provide battle

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kits consisting of a gas mask, submachine gun, and 1000 rounds of ammunition to 1000 angry youths in an urban ghetto: I leave it to the reader to estimate how many millions of dollars of property damage and hundreds of lives could be controlled with such a modest investment. And how many tens of millions of dollars and tens of thousands of troops would be involved in attempting to meet such a challenge.

There is obviously no absolute answer to the control of conventional weapons: they are too cheap and too widely distributed by now; the massive stockpiles built by the large industrial nations for their past wars have become available both to smaller nations and to dissident domestic groups. What can be done is to deny the more modern kinds of conventional arms to the smaller nations which cannot produce them themselves, to the extent this can be done by reversing the present approach of the large nations from active sales to obstructionism. Taking the United States and other industrial nations out of the business of supplying arms to smaller nations will not prevent or even drastically reduce the *incidence* of war; but it may be able to reduce the *damage* done by wars.

It is important to note that the amount of damage thought to be decisive in a war is very largely arbitrary. Even with the ferocity of modern forms of warfare, very rarely do we find a proclamation of victory or an admission of defeat coming only when the last resources of the defeated are destroyed: the point at which the war is "decided" is arbitrary, in the sense of being at the option of leaders rather than a matter of definite physical damage.

If the decisive amount of damage which determines the *political* definition of the victor and vanquished in a war is arbitrary in this sense, humanity argues that it had better be set, arbitrarily, at a lower amount of damage rather than a higher amount. We may hope to accomplish this, in the case of the smaller nations at least, by attempts to limit the quantity and quality of arms available to them. Thayer seems to feel that such attempts at limitation, particularly if agreements to adhere to them can be worked out jointly among the major arms-producing nations, could be of great aid in reducing world violence in the future. I am not so sure; but I am sure that such limitations must be tried, for the present policies are scandalously counter-productive and costly.

The Bad Popes

E. R. CHAMBERLIN

Dial, $12.50

JOHN L. McKENZIE

For those who might expect a *chronique scandaleuse* or a very poorly timed rehearsal of some juicy tidbits decently buried in such works as Pastor's *History of the Popes,* Chamberlin might have been well advised to put a paragraph from his appendix at the beginning of the book:

"Each of the seven popes linked together in the present book precipitated a crisis in the affairs of the Roman Church through the interaction of a defective personality and theoretically unlimited power. In the vast context of papal history they were neither unique nor typical in their crimes. But each, in pursuing the lure of temporal power and pleasures, caused a profound modification in the structure he had inherited, his actions reaching forward to chain his successor to the path that led at last to the European crisis of the Reformation and the Italian tragedy of the Sack of Rome in 1527."

This explains why only seven were chosen out of the large number available, and why the list ends with Clement VII (1523-1534) instead of continuing into the nineteenth or twentieth century. The interaction of a defective personality and theoretically unlimited power did not end with Clement VII; but the pursuit of temporal power and pleasure has not always caused a profound modification in the structure of the papacy.

The seven honored by inclusion are well enough known to students of church history and have already been classified as "bad": John XII, Benedict IX, Boniface VIII, Urban VI, Alexander VI, Leo X, and Clement VII. It is the merit of this book that "bad" is not defined simply in terms of concubinage and extortion, although there was enough of both in the reigns described. The abuse of power or failure to rise to its responsibilities harms the church more than the grosser vices. But one does not wish to gloss over the grosser vices. By coincidence I read this book shortly after I had read a contemporary novel by Mario Puzo called *The Godfather.* The culture described by Mr. Puzo is a twentieth century survival of the culture in which the papacy lived and worked during the centuries touched by Chamberlin. One would like more assurance that the Roman Curia is not another survival.

Chamberlin begins with a short summary of the forgery known as the Donation of Constantine. It is not the mere fact of the forgery which is of interest; it is the fact that the forgery was so long believed in the church, and that the forgery was the base of an ideal of temporal power which so long dominated the Popes and the Papacy. The seven heroes of the book are egregious samples of the less celebrated Popes

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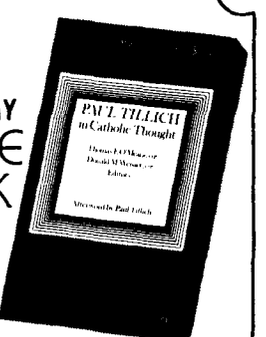

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who devoted the time and the talents of the Papacy to the maintenance of temporal power instead of the proclamation of the gospel. They are also samples of the wealth and the luxury which have so long been associated with the papacy and still are. They used the same pompous language of authority which is still read in papal documents. The bad popes, far from being exceptional excrescences on the body ecclesial, are far more representative than the "good" popes, who also lived and wrote in the style and manner of the "bad" popes.

It is the realization of the typical character of the bad popes that leaves this reader of the book with the depressing conclusion that nothing in the Church or out of it has done so much harm to the Roman Catholic Church as the papacy. It is depressing because the papacy can neither be abolished nor replaced. One can dream of a Christian exercise of the power of the papacy; this reviewer has given expression to some of his own dreams. But the reality is that the papacy has never reformed itself and is not about to do it now. The reality is that the papacy has never admitted that it could be reformed; its own documents describe the papacy as the incarnation of the perfect eschatological church, without stain or wrinkle. The papacy is unwilling to admit that it is degraded by an Alexander VI or a John XII—an easy way of denying that the Pope has any personal responsibility for the office which he bears. The bad Popes always blamed someone other than themselves for the troubles of the church; clearly this trait of the bad popes did not die with Clement VII. A papacy which could survive the sack of Rome with no suspicion that it might be a judgment of God and could emerge as devoted to temporal wealth and temporal power as it had been before is plainly too sturdy a secular reality to be open to any religious influence.

One will say, of course, that temporal power is a dead issue. But temporal wealth is not a dead issue; and one may consider that spiritual power is administered temporally and that it bears temporal fruits. One may consider that the arrogance of the papacy has not diminished since Boniface VIII, although the temporal power has vanished. The Scribes and Pharisees were arrogant without temporal power. Church officers who control literally millions of dollars in cash, real property, stocks and bonds can hardly be called temporally impotent or politically insignificant. The modern papacy may have discovered a structure of temporal power which is more secure than political power, which is above wars and diplomacy. The reader of Chamberlin's book will recognize certain enduring realities of the church; the book is well written and published at a time when it is needed.

Violent Men

HANS H. TOCH

Aldine, $7.50

JOHN P. SISK

I would like to think that Hans Toch's book will turn out to be a commercial success—that it will get, say, about one-tenth of the business Jacqueline Susann is getting with her current excursion in violence. It won't, of course; word will get around that it neither exploits violence for its entertainment value nor (what is worse) pretends to be about some nobler business while so exploiting it.

Professor Toch was the co-director of a research team commissioned by the former governor of California to study violent men and violent acts, particularly in the interpersonal relations of police work and prison life. The team's operating assumption was that violent aggression is a by-product of social conduct and can be understood in terms of its social incentives. In order to construct its operating typologies as accurately as possible it needed the trust of informants, which it was able to get by training subjects of research to act as interviewers. The author claims that the use of these "peer interviews" was a unique feature of the study. The uniqueness I must take on faith, but the tape-recorded results are fascinating. These interviews are used generously and skillfully in the construction of the report.

The research team interviewed one hundred twenty-eight people (assaulted police, police assaulters, prison inmates and parolees) in the Oakland-Sacramento area. Obviously it believed that the number of interviews was less important than the method used to gather and organize information. This method is described in great detail in a central chapter and involves the arrangement of ten categories into two groups, one characterized by self-preserving and ego-enhancing strategies, the other by a marked tendency to regard other persons as objects to be countered or anticipated.

Violent Men is pervaded by the concept of violent interpersonal events as sequences of moves in games which have been learned to accomplish ends for which the players have no other means than physical violence. Violence-prone people, police as well as those they arrest, tend to be prisoners within these game structures, and only self-knowledge (which comes neither quickly nor inexpensively) can release them. The author has little hope that traditional schooling devices can do this. He believes, however, that it is possible for commercial toy manufacturers to devise games that will teach violent men non-violent problem-solving techniques.

Professor Toch makes it clear that his team was well aware that any serious study of violent men is complicated by

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REVIEWERS

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FATHER JOHN L. MCKENZIE S.J. is the author of several books, most recently, *The Roman Catholic Church* (Holt, Rinehart).

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the fact that in our society the problem-solving habits of violent men are the habits our culture has traditionally asked us to admire. As he reads these interviews and their analyses the reader is likely to be struck continually with the fact that he is now observing the American aggressor not as a two-fisted, non-negotiating tamer of the wilderness, or empire builder, or defender of the national honor against its numerous real or imagined threats, but simply as a menace. Perhaps our true philosopher is the eighteenth century Englishman, Bernard Mandeville, who argued in *The Fable of the Bees* that public benefits are founded on private vices.

The research team aimed first to serve the agencies in whose interest the project was undertaken. But it felt also, says Professor Toch, that its study of violence had much to say about society generally. It does indeed have a good deal to say, though with a tentativeness proper in a book whose major emphasis lies elsewhere. It is only incidentally concerned with collective violence, for instance, yet the twenty-one pages it devotes to this subject (the exemplary event is the Watts riot) are excellent. It will also tell the reader a good deal about his radical kinship with persons whose predicaments he is too likely to take as signs of an inferior order of being.

Violent Men is a competent and modestly written report in which the welcome absence of jargon suggests clarity of mind rather than the specialist's condescension to the layman. The research behind it appears to have been undertaken with genuine sympathy for all the victims of violent games, whether the police or the ghetto-dwellers who are their characteristic opponents. It seeks to understand and change some of the most dangerous habits in our society. I hope it gets around quickly to all the right places.

PAPERBACKS

Picnic in Babylon. By John L'Heureux. Image Books, $1.25. The diary of a Jesuit priest during the three years before his ordination. Father L'Heureux is also a talented young poet, and a writer of fine, candid, amusing prose. This works less as the record of a spiritual journey than as a personal introduction to a man of goodness, compassion, and (sometimes rather one-sided) taste.

The Young American Poets. Edit. by Paul Carroll. Follett, $3.95. With little magazines and limited editions going in and out of print at a dizzying rate, this big anthology is an important introduction to what's happening in poetry. The work of 53 young people appears here, from the East Village to Iowa to Father L'Heureux. Some of the stuff is excellent and some is awful. Which is, somehow, just how such an endeavor should be.

The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yacqui Way of Knowledge. By Carlos Castaneda. Ballantine, $.95. One of the best books on drugs yet to appear. Castaneda was the chosen apprentice of a Yacqui Indian sorcerer for five years. The record of his lonely voyage inward is sometimes terrifying, always fascinating to anyone interested in religion, epistemology or consciousness expansion.

Trout Fishing in America. By Richard Brautigan. Four Seasons Foundation, $1.95. This book has been around for a while, enjoying some underground success. It's really about trout fishing in America. There's something of Hemingway, but also of Izaak Walton in this small compendium of anecdotes, observations, a few recipes. Brautigan can write whimsy that, miraculously, is neither cute nor embarrassing. *Trout Fishing* is a funny, delightful book that draws freely on American mythic attitudes, the tones and rhythms of drifting, searching out trout streams, thinking slow thoughts in wide country.

The American Cinema. By Andrew Sarris. Dutton, $2.95. *The* indispensable work of *auteur* theory, or film seen in terms of directorial vision. Our most important and influential film critic has classified and analyzed the work of 200 American directors, from 1929 to 1968. Anyone interested in the movies should own this one, if only as informed accompaniment to *The Late Show.*

An Essay on Liberation. By Herbert Marcuse. Beacon, $1.95. Marcuse's newest, exploring further the necessity and possibilities for psychic liberation. The influence of the hippies is apparent, and even more important is the French almost-revolution of last year. This tentative utopian speculation draws heavily on aesthetic, as well as political theories.

PAMELA RITTERMAN

"SIX HUNDRED *welfare recipients recently gathered at Wayne State Univ. in Detroit for a meeting. Although some had worked in the past as domestic servants, they would not, they made it clear, willingly accept such work now; they 'would never in this time of technological, economic and human-rights advances, perform such demeaning and low-wage work again.' Instead, they'll stay on welfare.*"

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 579)

1967, was "whitened by the offended seminary staff." The hard fact is that when the statue was repainted white by three total strangers the seminary staff was all for restoring the black face, hands and feet. And thus it stands today on the seminary property.

Even more disturbing than Mr. Mahoney's ignorance of the basic facts about the decision concerning our High School is the obvious failure of *Commonweal* to check for the truth, easily obtained through a phone call to people who knew the situation.

(REV. MSGR.) FRANCIS X. CANFIELD

Reply

I appreciate well Msgr. Canfield's objections to my opinions about the policy changes, or reversions at Sacred Heart Seminary, and accept his correction of fact about who painted the statue. Whether or not the idea of a Christian Leadership school was or was not well-formed is more now a discarded item in the history of options than a matter of opinion or fact—his or mine. Some of his faculty thought they had a pretty good idea about the nature of such a program — at least when I was hearing about it.

JOHN MAHONEY

Building Nothing

Fredericton, N.B., Canada

To the Editors: You get meaner all the time. Your attack on Apollo 11 is contemptible [Aug. 8]. If we have any future in the world we shall owe it to the luminous discipline that made this achievement possible. The wild men for whom you are the sick apologist cry for a moon of their own. You may get it but you will hate it, because it will be the von Brauns and the Armstrongs who will give it to you—the Wrong People. The world is not built by pedants and snobs. The friends of *Commonweal* build nothing. Without the Scientific Revolution the West today would be one enormous "Torregreca". If the New Left has its way it will be unimaginably worse. If we are in trouble now, it is not because the scientific technologist has been doing his thing but because the so-called humanist has not been doing his. I am an old man, a recently retired professor of history. For years I have told my students (with whom I had an excellent relation) that the real humanist in our time is not found in the "humanities" but in the "sciences." With men like Einstein and Teilhard de Chardin it wasn't hard to illustrate the thesis.

J. E. P. BUTLER

Speaking for the Poor

Bryan, Texas

To the Editors: Poor Fr. Bedard!! [Correspondence, Aug. 22] Caesar has so many rooters these days and God so few, even among those pledged and dedicated to His exclusive service! Because you see, Father, it is the part of the quotation which you left out "and [render] to God the things that are God's" which concerns the Milwaukee 14 and the Catonsville 9 and others like them. It is the rendering to Caesar the things that are *God's* (the right to decide *who* shall live and die, and *how* they shall live and die) which these Christians are protesting; much the same as Christ protested the money changing in the temple. He unmasked the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees: "You hypocrites, it was a true prophesy Isaias made of you, when he said, This people does me honour with its lips, but its heart is far from me. Their worship of me is vain, for the doctrines they teach are the commandments of men" (Mt. 15:7-9). In like manner these groups are unmasking our hypocrisy as we subscribe to "Thou Shalt Not Kill" and "Love your enemies" while bringing misery and death to the Vietnamese people.

Also, if you wish to see protestors who have rejected worldly success in favor of voluntary poverty in order to share what they have with their needy neighbor, I suggest you journey to the Casa Maria House of Hospitality in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Its founder Mike Cullen and chaplain Fr. Larry Rosebaugh are two of the Milwaukee 14 (the latter to be absent for a 2½ year prison term for burning Selective Service files; the former to be tried in the fall). A look into any one of the 14's and 9's backgrounds is proof that they come well qualified to speak for the poor and underprivileged!

ANNE HOLMES

Unmaking Mr. White

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Philip Nobile's review in *Commonweal* of Theodore White's latest quadrennial book, *Making of a President* [Aug. 22], makes valid and valuable corrections to White's overview. However, I would like to suggest one major deficiency that has deformed each of the White books on presidential campaigns. I base this on my experience in campaigning at all levels.

The deficiency is a basic one. Put bluntly, the scenario sketched by White is false to a large degree. His overview is that of the elitist command post—skillful maneuvers, astute marshalling of political battalions, push-button deployment of resources, including financial. The truth is that presidential majorities are composed of many small matters being done at the proper time (often by sheer coincidence) in many small places by many "small" people. More often it is this skein that binds and directs a presidential candidate rather than the obverse that White would have his readers believe in which a presidential candidate and his skillful commanders are the supreme directors. It would, in fairness, be beyond the capability of any one man to truly record the full welter of events that leads to both the nomination and election of presidential candidates. If any one man could do it, it would probably be the indefatigable and capable Theodore White. Be that as it may, the White scenario claims too much and a disservice is done to Americans to suggest that their Presidents are elected in this manner.

WES BARTHELMES

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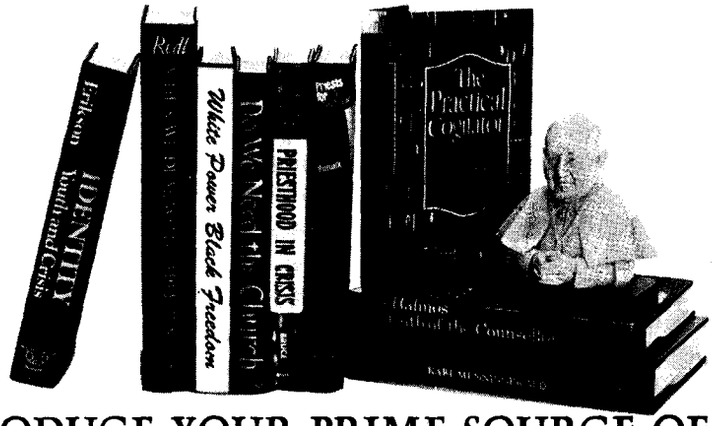

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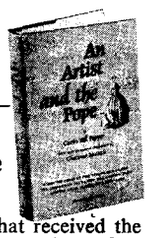

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